

LIFE

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Debate splits the nation's schools



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Which is why more people buy it than the top Scotch
and the top Canadian combined.
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7

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LIFE

September 19, 1969

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EDITORS' NOTE

Books, bikes and Melvin Maddocks

Once every few weeks for the past few years we have published a book review by Melvin Maddocks, book editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*. The reviews, by and large, have been of big, substantial works of fiction. He is well-read in so many fields that he has the reputation of knowing more about the subject than the author he is reviewing. This week his 36th review for LIFE appears on page 22.

As his job might imply, Mr. Maddocks is a quiet man of considerable personal dignity and dry, understated wit. He neither drinks, smokes nor swears, is a classical scholar (Harvard '46) and lives with his wife and three small children in a pleasant house in Auburndale, Mass. Hardly the kind of man to be hooked on motorcycles. But Maddocks is hooked. He commutes to the *Monitor's* sedate office in Boston on a full-throated Honda 350, his thirteenth motorcycle. Last year he rode to Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo to cover theater there (he's a theater critic, too) and wants to do it again. He got the bike bug when he was mustered out of the service in San Francisco and bought one to drive home to Boston. He got married there—and biked his bride back to the coast for a honeymoon. "It's a kind of funny habit," he says, looking a bit embarrassed, "but I guess I'll keep on owning one."



MADDOCKS

Maddocks does most of his work at home, often in the garden and sometimes at the beach. "That's one of the joys of a book," he says. "It's portable." He writes a weekly book column for the *Monitor*, and reviews one or two books a month for LIFE, reading comparatively slowly—about 50 pages an hour—always making notes "even when I'm reading on my own."

Maddocks once reviewed television, movies and theater as well as jazz in New York, but he prefers books and Boston. "You have more options when you review books," he says. "Reviewers are overcautious. We were the little kids who could always sit through three movies on a Saturday, or read two books at a sitting. We're insatiable."

"In general I think there are two types of reviewer. One type likes the power, the fact that he is sitting in judgment. The other type is someone who likes to talk about books. I guess that's the kind of reviewer I am. What is important to me is the kind of discussion that develops from my review." Sometimes he feels the pleasures he gets from reviewing are offset by a subliminal suspicion that no one really likes a critic. "Reviewers are like umpires. They're a necessary evil." On the other hand, he suggests that if critics and reviewers didn't exist to pick their way through the 30,000 new hardbacks that are published every year, "we would all drown in the amount of type that is being thrown at us. As it is, we're supersaturated by media. We need the sorting out. In a way, a reviewer is running interference for the whole of civilization."

Ralph Graves

RALPH GRAVES
Managing Editor

by Richard B. Stolley

'A pretty good place to be from, and go back to'

Representative Everett Dirksen came home to his 18th Congressional District one summer day in 1944 to meet with a group of irate duck shooters in the dining room of the lesser of Pekin's two hotels, the Illinois. What they wanted—and right then—was federal relief of some sort for a nearby lake.

As a very young reporter for the *Pekin Daily Times*, it was my first intimate look at Dirksen the politician, and I was overwhelmed. His performance—for there was a combination of tone and timing in all his moves that was distinctly theatrical—was superb. Before the fried catfish lunch all I could foresee was an angry, insoluble confrontation. But Dirksen first named those men, soothed their anger, passed the rolls and butter, and left them smiling without having made a single promise he knew he could not keep.

The techniques he used on the Tazewell County duck hunters, Everett Dirksen years later used on Presidents of the United States.

When I arrived in Washington, he was reaching the peak of his power and fame. He greeted me with, "Well, look who came out of the woodwork," and from time to time afterward invited me to share a quiet moment with him. It was tacitly un-

derstood that we were not reporter and senator then, but rather what we also were, neighbors from Pekin having a backfence chat. (Our family homes were a couple of blocks apart, his being on Buena Vista—or "Beeyoona Vista," as we pronounced it. A small plaque was installed in the front yard a few years ago, marking it as the senator's home.)

We met usually in the back room of his Senate chambers: dim and cool, with big chairs and a refrigerator. Dirksen would take a drink or Sanka (sometimes preceded by a tablespoon of Maalox, for his perpetually upset stomach) and puff on his filters. There was often a parade of visitors, usually other senators, mostly Republican but enough important Democrats to reflect the political friendships Dirksen had so carefully and lovingly built up.

He would graciously introduce me, often as the onetime boy friend of his daughter Joy (now the wife of Tennessee Senator Howard Baker Jr.), and because he was never under any circumstances able to use small words when big ones were available, he would explain: "Yes, this boy spent a good deal of time in the old parental establishment." (In his high school yearbook, under "Senior Diseases" Dirksen was listed as having "Big Worditis." Diagnosis: "Absolutely Hopeless.")

He reminisced frequently, once recalling the advice he had given a young man who wanted to run for Congress in Illinois: "Get 100,000 cards, with a decent likeness and your name in big print so the old folks can read it without their glasses. Then start out on shoe leather and push those cards—to farmers, potluck suppers, PTA meetings. Give 'em a card and a handshake, make a little conversation, then move on. Don't get into any arguments. Come Election Day, people will see your name on the ballot, and say, 'Why, that fellow looked pretty good to me.'" He could not resist adding that the "fellow" was indeed elected, and became one of the ranking House Republicans, Representative Leslie Arends.

Sometimes Dirksen would talk about the man under whose spirit we all grow up in that part of the land—Abraham Lincoln. Judge Lincoln had once sat in our courthouse. Dirksen collected portraits of him, books about him, even needlepoint depicting scenes in his life.

I once mentioned to Dirksen an argument of his critics: that his on-again-off-

again support of civil rights legislation did little justice to the memory of the Illinois President. He was unruffled. Nobody, he suggested, would ever have had to explain to Lincoln the conservatism of his own home state—a conservatism that he admitted he shared more often than not—and, even more important in a democracy like ours, faithfully represented.

Occasionally our sessions were interrupted by telephone calls from the White House—nine of them once in a single day. Lyndon Johnson was calling to ask for votes, or advice, or sometimes just to gab with a man who understood his kind of politics. Always, of course, I was gently shooed from the room, but never before being reminded again of the immense power wielded by my aging, ailing friend.

Dirksen's nomination of Barry Goldwater for the Presidency at the 1964 convention was a great moment for him. And yet afterward, I found him in his hotel suite gazing wearily down upon the glorious bay, drained emotionally, curiously untriumphant. He told of reading his speech in advance to Goldwater, and looking up at one point to find "this peddler's son" in grateful tears. His mood, even then, indicated that he sensed the futility of the Goldwater candidacy, but he had done what he could for a friend.

In his later years, Dirksen said that he had found the freedom that every politician dreams of. His political debts were paid—"even to the *Chicago Tribune*." He was no one's man but his own, free to cultivate his roses, to make political mistakes, be inconsistent. In spite of his health, he felt comfortable, at peace with himself.

Dirksen always tried to be in Pekin for his mother-in-law's birthday. This year it was her 94th, but he was already in the hospital. In 1948, when he had to resign from the House because of eye trouble, the *Washington Post* wanted to hire him to write a column. He said no thanks, he would return to "that little old town."

We talked about that once, about the squeezing of so much of America into the cold and colossal urban centers, and this man who had traveled the world said of Pekin: "It is a pretty good place to be from, and to go back to."

He was buried in the flat prairie out east of town, in a new cemetery which runs alongside Milo Miller's dairy farm. The Vice President of the United States led the mourners. But Editor McNaughton and Logan Unland, the insurance man, and "Peach" Preston, the former postmaster—all old friends—were there too as Everett Dirksen went back to that "pretty good place" for the last time.



Seven years ago, Senator Dirksen returned to Pekin for some hoopla involving a Japanese girls' softball team and was photographed leaning out of a mislabeled ricksha.

Once again, Chesterfield tries to introduce the coupon worth stealing.



Frankly, it's beginning to get a little embarrassing.

Ever since we put a coupon on all five Chesterfields, we can't keep one on a pack long enough to show it to you. So you'll have to settle for the bare facts about the Chesterfield coupon that's so valuable it's worth stealing.

For one thing, Chesterfield coupons are redeemable three ways: for gifts, cash, or they can be combined with any participating trading stamps. (1 coupon equals 4 stamps.)

Since some of you will be so anxious to choose from the 1000 beautiful items in our Luxury Merchandise Catalog, we've also included an exclusive Speed-Redemption Plan. It allows you to get some of your favorites in a hurry by combining coupons with a bit of cash. And whatever Chesterfield taste you

enjoy, Regular, King, Filter, Menthol, or 101, you'll get four extra coupons in every carton.

So now you know about the great Chesterfield coupon. The one worth stealing. Chances are you're wondering what it looks like.

May we suggest you buy a pack of Chesterfields—any Chesterfields.

You'll get a great cigarette, and a coupon to match it. We hope.



Our new one: Monte Carlo



People have told us it looks like five or six thousand dollars.

And naturally we're flattered.

But let's understand each other right off.

The Monte Carlo is not an expensive car.

Not compared to other fine cars anyway.

The revealing truth is: If you can afford a Chevy, you can afford a Monte Carlo.

Which by itself is pretty good reason to run right out and buy one. But wait. There are more.

For instance you'll be able to say to your friends and neighbors: "You wouldn't believe what a great car my Monte Carlo is to drive."

It's true.

The trim design and tidy dimensions make Monte Carlo one of the world's more maneuverable luxury cars. (Wheelbase is 116 inches.)

And its 350-cubic-inch V8 makes it one of the more spirited.

So if you think Monte Carlo is just another pretty face, you're in for a happy surprise.

Power disc brakes, deep twist carpeting, electric clock, new higher intensity headlamps, Astro Ventilation, Full Coil suspension, fiberglass-belted tires: They're all on the base car.

(Obviously the base car is not very base.)

Monte Carlo.

Chevrolet's whole new field of one.

The first car of its kind even us guys who work for a living can swing.



On the move: The Chevrolet '70s.

Our big one:

1970 Caprice. Eighteen shining feet of rich looking, rich riding, incredibly comfortable automobile. Here's what we did.

We took an already elegant grille and gave it an even more expensive look.

We put on new wheel covers that are matched to the color of the car.

We installed a vigorous new 250-hp engine so you'll move with all the more assurance.

We made power disc brakes and fiberglass-belted tires on 15-inch wheels standard.

We now offer you things like: Headlights that stay on until you're safely in the house.

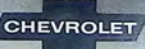
And a radio antenna you can't even see.

We did all that and more.

And we did it just for you.

Now aren't you going to feel guilty if you don't go down to your Chevy dealer's and drive a new Caprice?



On the move: The Chevrolet '70s. 



Our tough one:

1970 Chevelle SS 396.

Tough means we built even more car into the car.
We built steel guard beams into the doors.

The tires have fiberglass belts in them now to help keep them from squirming.

There's a beefy new back bumper with a black resilient panel and built-in taillights. There are 12 new colors. And 25 additional horses under the hood.

You can order our new Cowl Induction Hood (shown) with the big inlet door that opens and shuts automatically to deliver extra air to the engine. (The pins are included.)

As for the power disc brakes, the taut suspension, the F70 x 14 white-lettered wide ovals, the sport wheels, the black accents, the SS badges:

They're all part of the SS package.
And your Chevy dealer has it all.

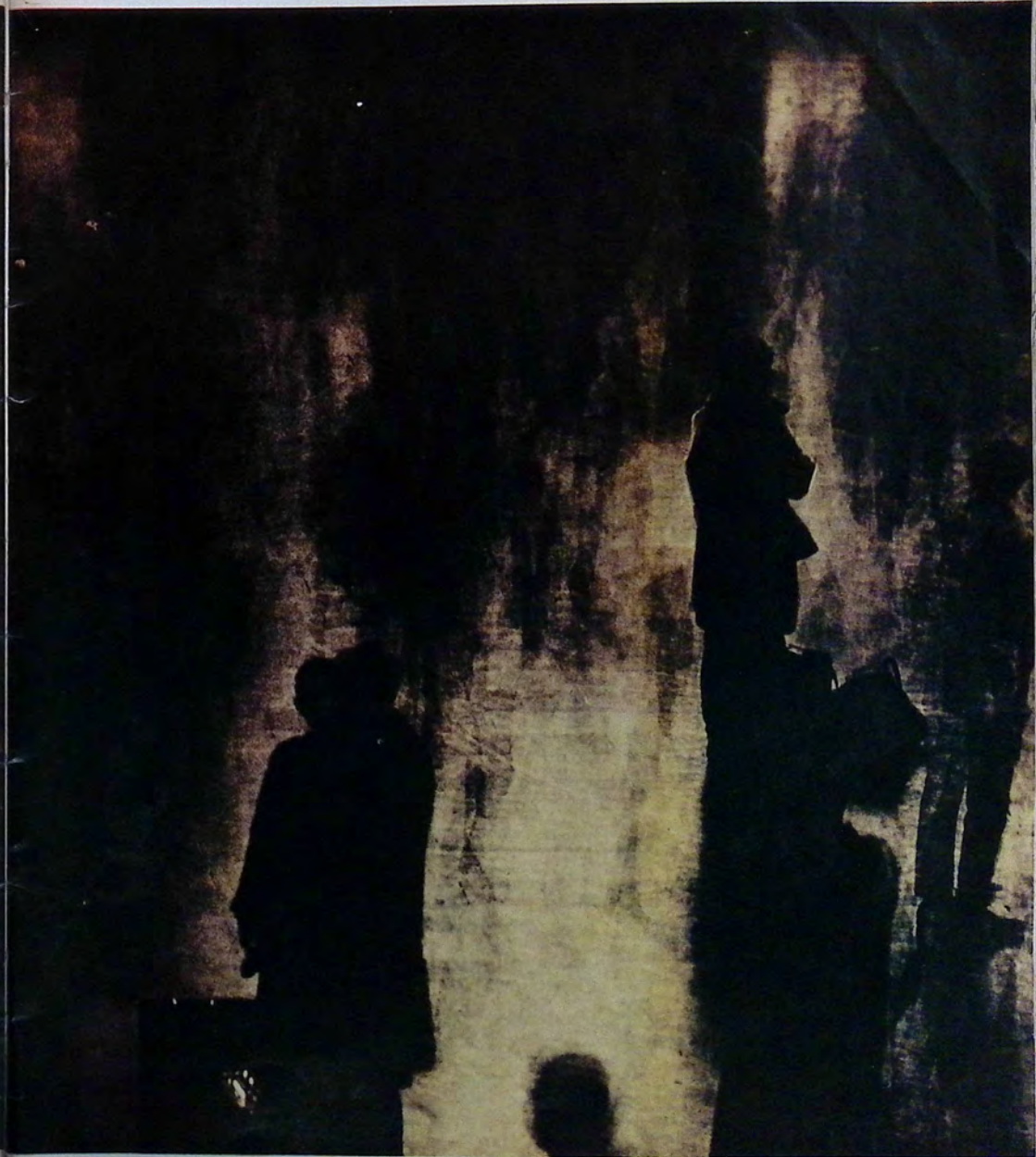
Putting you first, keeps us first.

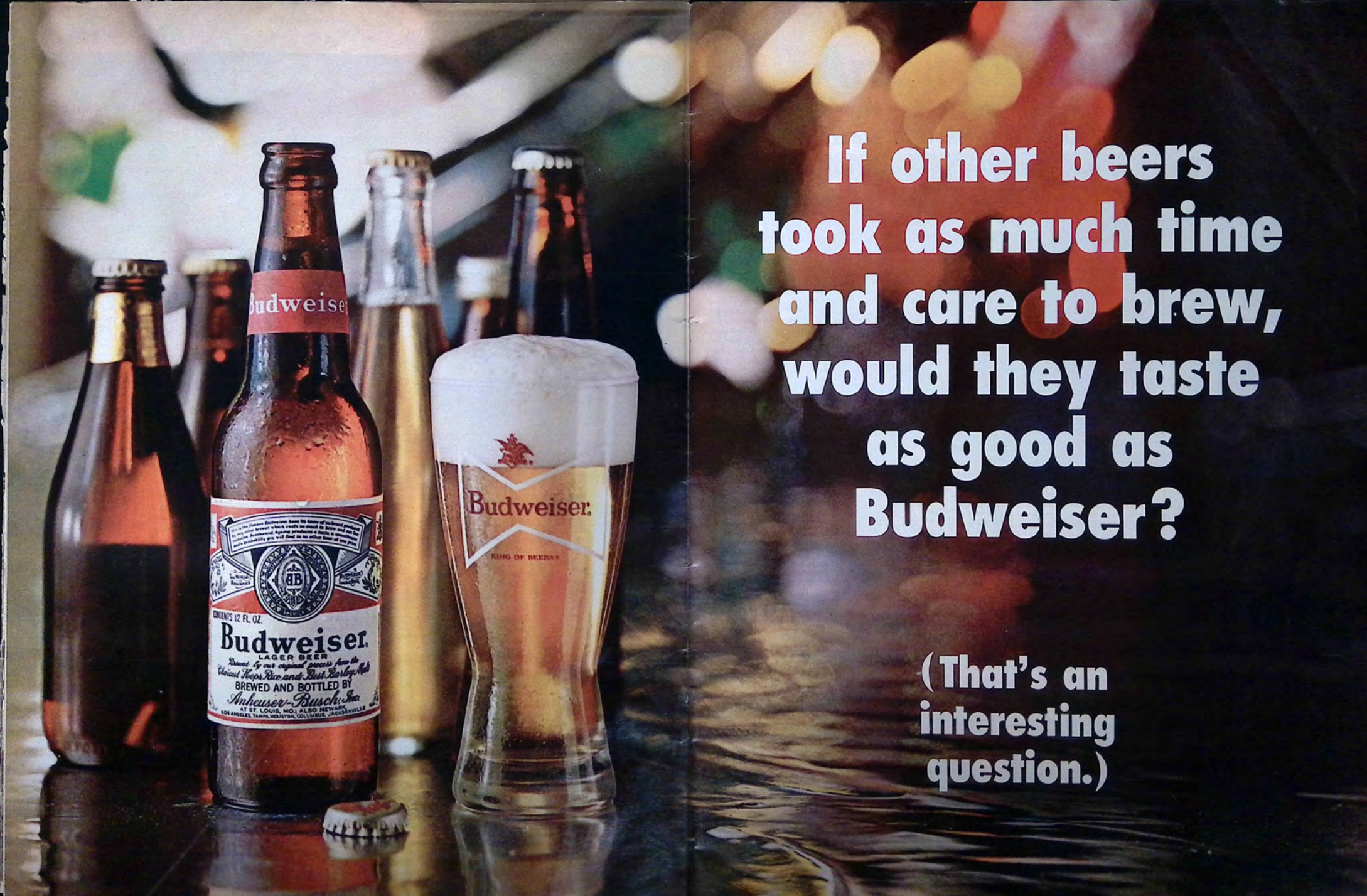


On the move: The Chevrolet '70s.

GALLERY

Photographer Erich Hartmann uses a novel multiple-exposure shutter of his own invention to make as many as eight exposures on a single frame of film. Perhaps 30 seconds are frozen in this single image of commuters waiting for their trains in New York's Grand Central Station. "Figures and shadows overlap without losing identity," Hartmann says. "I've tried to get beyond mass, form and texture—these familiar elements of photography—into the fourth dimension, time."





**If other beers
took as much time
and care to brew,
would they taste
as good as
Budweiser?**

**(That's an
interesting
question.)**

Before you're
knee-deep
in trouble
install a new
flameless
electric
water heater!



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- No pilot, no flue
- Fits almost anywhere
- Plenty of hot water all the time

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company.

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matchless value

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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

A 420-Second Review of an 83,000-Page-a-Minute Book

THE SEVEN MINUTES
by IRVING WALLACE
(Simon & Schuster, Inc.) \$7.95

What comes the way of an Irving Wallace scholar is not all sneers and snickers. Because Irving Wallace is constantly being paid hundreds of thousands of dollars for books before he writes them, LIFE decided that it was only fair to pay me for reviewing his latest book before I read it. Not pay me hundreds of thousands, of course. The standard price for a LIFE book review is \$18.50, plus the employee's rate on purchasing *The LIFE Book of Squids*. Once I had the money and the squid book in hand, I decided not to bother to read Wallace's latest. Why be a sucker?

"But that's dishonest," my wife, the Conscience of Grove Street, said. "Wallace may take the money beforehand, but at least he writes his books."

"I'm no longer entirely convinced of that," I said. "I've seen Truman Capote discussing the Great Issues on a couple of television talk shows lately, and I'm beginning to think he writes Irving Wallace's books. The only thing I haven't figured out is who writes Truman Capote's books."

"What's the book called?" she asked.

"I haven't the foggiest," I said, cheerfully, fingering my newly earned cash as I glanced at some full-page color shots of South Atlantic squid lathing their young.

"*The Seven Minutes*," she said, hoisting it, with the help of a neighbor, from the coffee table, where it had been lying in hundreds of thousands of pages (Wallace is paid a dollar a page) of tightly packed galley proofs—a lump as leaden as the Wallace prose I had plowed through in the interest of scholarship, before I got smart.

"Seven minutes is obviously the critical period in a spleen-transplant operation," I said. "The hero doesn't know whether he can honestly accept the Nobel Prize for his spleen-transplant work because the passion and anger that allowed him to overcome the last obstacles to his research may have come from a transplanted spleen

that, unbeknownst to the Nobel Committee, he has in his very own body—a spleen that once belonged to his closest colleague, a man who died of apoplexy when he thought (incorrectly) he had discovered that a colleague had stolen his spleen-transplant research."

"But you haven't even read it," she



insisted. "How can you summarize it from its title?"

"It's merely a matter of knowing one's field," I said, in my most scholarly tone. "The only other possibility is that the Cubans have one undiscovered missile base, from which they intend to destroy hundreds of thousands of Cuban counterrevolutionaries by obliterating Miami. The President of the United States, the first full-blooded Cherokee to hold that office, has only seven minutes to find the base, militarily or diplomatically, if he's to prevent the attack. (It's taken for granted that the destruction of Miami should be prevented; the issue is never judged on its merits.) The role of the Russian ambassador is written in a way that makes it a natural for Raquel Welch."

"I'll grant you that these are the kind of subjects for which Wallace is renowned," she said, an odd, stilted tone coming into her voice. "But are these not the plots to which the readers of our country pay heed? For what wrong to society is there in dealing with an important issue by fitting approximately 10,000 (by most estimates) unsurprising facts on that issue and all of the quotations the Beverly Hills Public Library has on that issue into a six- or eight-hundred-thousand-page novel with a zippy plot? I am reminded of what Dr. Johnson said about research: 'Research . . . is . . . the—'

"Stop!" I shouted. Sometimes, in moments of stress, she begins to talk like an Irving Wallace character—an occupational disability of a Wallace scholar's wife. "I'll read it. I'll read it."

"That won't be necessary," she said. "I've figured it out. There are only seven minutes left until the Academy Award for Best Actress is announced, and we learn about each of the nominees—her secrets, her dreams, her endless research into the mechanics of the Academy Award nominations."

"That would be called *The Oscar*," I snapped, a bit impatient with her attempt to move into my field.

"Maybe seven minutes is how long it took him to write it," she guessed. "How many people do you know who can write 83,000 pages a minute?" I asked sarcastically.

"I think I have it," she said. "Seven minutes is how long Wallace and his wife will laugh when they realize that for writing it he gets hundreds of thousands of dollars and for making fun of it you get \$18.50 and a reduced rate on *The LIFE Book of Squids*."

What comes the way of an Irving Wallace scholar is mostly sneers and snickers.

Mr. Trillin, squid fancier and New Yorker writer, wrote his review in exactly seven minutes.

by Calvin Trillin

An oil for cars that don't get enough exercise.



If you do a lot of stop and go driving, your car needs extra protection. It's the kind of driving that causes harmful deposits to build up in your engine.

Quaker State Motor Oil has a natural ability to resist engine wear that's caused by these deposits.

Every drop is refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. This oil is free from many impurities, like tars and asphalts, even before it's refined.

We start with the world's finest oil. And then we improve it even more. So if you can't give your car enough exercise, why not give it Quaker State Motor Oil.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.



Clubtails.TM We canned it like it is.

Inside every can, you'll find three honest-to-goodness fresh cocktails. Liquor and all.

They don't taste homemade. They're mixed professionally. With the finest ingredients we can lay our hands on. Like Smirnoff Vodka for the Vodka Martinis, Gimlets and Screwdrivers.

And because the cans are aluminum, they chill faster. All you do is flip open and serve. Whenever

you're ready, we are. Wherever you are.

The best thing are the nine delicious flavors: Extra-Dry Martini, Vodka Martini, Manhattan, Vodka Gimlet, Daiquiri, Screwdriver, Whiskey Sour, Margarita and Mai-Tai.

Only we call them Clubtails. Because they're so much easier, quicker and better than cocktails. "I'll drink to that."



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LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

Rex and Dick in a Sick Gay Flick

STAIRCASE
with Rex Harrison
and Richard Burton

This is a big one that got away. A big what? I'm not sure. Maybe a big glowing ganglion of revelation, maybe just a big sick clot of now.

Whatever it is, *Staircase* got away from Stanley Donen, the American director who made it, and got away so clean that most customers will see nothing here but a campy romp in which Rex Harrison and Richard Burton, two of the screen's more celebrated symbols of virility, are cast as a couple of sad old queens. But Donen (*Singin' in the Rain*, *Funny Face*, *Two for the Road*) isn't all to blame. *Staircase* also got away from Charles Dyer, the brilliant English dramatist who wrote both the play and the screenplay upon which the picture is based.

Dyer's script is a shapeless gale of invective that blows for 96 minutes without intermission and really stuffs your ear with verbal litter. Even so, I'd like to suggest, above all to those film buffs who don't mind wading through a mess to scavenge a special experience, that the litter is literature. If you put all the pieces together you get a poem that sounds strangely like a scream.

It's a scream of despair, and it rises from a ratty little two-seater barbershop in a London slum. Beside one chair stands Harry (played by Burton), a teary old dear who has lost his teeth but still has his Mum. And all day long that bedridden bonebag (played by Cathleen Nesbitt) does nothing but munch her gums, yellow her sheets and grin at her morbidly devoted son with a mouth that looks like a thumbhole in a pot of sweat.

Beside the other chair stands Charlie (played by Harrison), a testy twit who pads his cod, sports a set of legs "like fouled parrots' perches," fancies himself an actor because he once appeared in a television commercial, and against all the evidence sustains delusions of prospective grandeur. "God, for a parade of swans down a lane of diamonds," he laments, "instead of paper boats in a dirty bucket!"

Charlie and Harry have been to-

gether for 30 years off and on, but they are comparatively unsophisticated about the tie that binds them. All they really know is that they stay together and bicker bitterly. Charlie plays the nursery tyrant, Harry plays the heavy mother. When Harry contracts a scalp disease and loses his hair, Charlie taunts him without mercy. ("Bend your head. You've a pimple on top. Seen it? Looks like Cleopatra's titty.") When Charlie is served with a summons for dawdling about in drag, Harry mothers him without mercy. ("I'm frightened too, about the trial, Charlie. But I'll come with you, so you won't be alone.") In the end, both realize in horror that they are truly bound together until death do them part—by the fear of loneliness that casts out love, by the supple silver cord of compulsion.

Dyer's script is formidably dissonant and disheveled, but with a little forethought and a large pair of scissors Director Donen could have made much better sense of it than he has. Even for a verbal medium like the theater, the play's rhetoric is bothersomely busy; on the screen, where one sneer is worth a thousand smiles, it keeps the actors talking so hard they hardly have time to act, let alone react. Poor Rex and Richard. They smirk and snimper and primp and loll with professional aplomb, but in their eyes you can read a nagging dread that the public won't really understand they are only playing parts. They needn't have worried. Instead of Harry and Charlie, two real and damaged human beings, most customers will simply see Slick Dick and Sexy Rexy doing a swish skit. Donen's casting coup may have charmed the bankers but it has spoiled his motion picture. And that is a shame, because *Staircase* has some quiet and beautiful things to say about how it feels to be what is generally known as gay.

"I tried, you know, Mum," Harry says glumly. "Used to wear long scarves and rub me hands when anyone mentioned beer; and chuckled in dark brown when they asked, 'Are you courting?' Then I started getting those headaches. . . . Never mind. Life's just two separate piles. The women with their bodies all private on one side, and the men on another side. You're supposed to whoop from one to the other; and if God's given you enough bonner, Bob's your uncle! And if not—just those two piles. Nothing down the middle."

Mr. Darrach, a free-lance writer, was formerly TIME movie critic.

by Brad Darrach

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LIFE BOOK
REVIEW

A 'Survival Artist' in a Time of Death

THE RECKONING
by RICHARD M. ELMAN
(Charles Scribner's Sons) \$5.95

The corpse heaps of the concentration camp lie thwart all the crossroads of modern history. Stubbornly refusing to be buried, they are an unexplainable, odious fact which all theories of human nature, all proud summations of man's progress are rudely doomed to bump into.

We have rubbed our noses in their bloody statistics. We have made all the gestures of *mea culpa* taught us by our highly sophisticated sense of guilt. Still those corpses—they remain too nauseatingly strong in our nostrils to be ghosts—will not go away.

After a quarter of a century, what is there left to say? At the word "genocide" we have become condi-

tioned to feel horror and, even more horrible, a certain buzzing boredom commonly rationalized as the banality of evil—that defense mechanism cowardly signaling: "Switch off." We fail again and again to rise to the meaning—or meaninglessness—of the tragedy, and those artists who labor to move us to more than apathy or hysteria share in this failure.

Perhaps success, if it could be called that, is impossible. But no one has come much closer than Richard M. Elman in *The Reckoning*, the final volume of a trilogy centering about a family of Hungarian Jews just before the Nazis knocked on their door in 1944.

In the first two novels, *The 28th Day of Elul* and *Lilo's Diary*, Elman displayed a natural but risky tendency to underline—to amass horror, as if it were a raw material, in order to produce horror in the reader, or at least a little all-purpose shock. Scatology and sexual detail were introduced rather as if they were the literary equivalents to genocide.

In *The Reckoning*, the whole tone is quieter, the concentration on the ordinary daily event so convincing that one might think Elman had forgotten the monstrous end to his story. No fear. He has simply mastered what might be called, with a shudder, the artist's first law of genocide: pathological history seems "real" only when it is connected to what Freud

called the psychopathology of everyday life.

The Reckoning is the journal of a middle-aged, middle-class man cruising at half-speed through a dullish provincial existence. Newman Yagoda, an economist, has piled up a comfortable fortune with the help of his wife's money and a doggedness curiously like indifference. To be similarly halfhearted as a husband and a father is to fail, and Newman has been that kind of failure, arriving at "a kind of terrible stand-off" with his family.

He is one of those moral dilettantes who move through the world fretfully trying on roles for size. He plays at being a political liberal, working on a book called *The Abolition of Poverty*. He plays at being a lover with a café waitress. He even plays at being a Jew.

By his own description, Newman is a "survival artist." His motto reads: "Never again to suffer." Cynically he writes off life as a "hall of mirrors" in which "my function was to dissemble and deceive."

Yet, like all mirror men, Newman knows the petty anguish of the two-dimensional, the ill-defined—those who are never quite there even as lovers. Clever, energetic, unhandicapped by scruples, he is capable of anything. But in his instance, that means capable of nothing. He is a terrifying il-

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lustration of Kafka's epigram: "There is a goal but no way to it. What we call the way is hesitation."

Absolutely flexible himself, Newman could not believe the Nazis were for real. Surely they could be adjusted to—merely one more case of anti-Semitism-as-usual. When he learns otherwise, he tries to buy his escape—to bargain his private way out of history. So, almost inevitably, the professional deceiver ends up deceiving himself.

What *The Reckoning* dares to make compassionately clear is that Newman was cut off from life long before the Nazis appeared. "We rehearse tomorrow's death even today," wrote Nelly Sachs, that poet laureate of genocide. Can one say that the living death of Newman Yagoda is as tragic as the end that awaits him? Yes. For Elman's brilliant work of indirection is to make it all one: "So ending flows to beginning" (Nelly Sachs again).

The concentration camp with corpse heap remains off-stage—the Other Room, the room we shall never visit. We don't need to. Death has been in our mind and heart from the first page—the agonizing absence that is the novel's real presence.

Mr. Maddocks is book editor of the Christian Science Monitor.

by Melvin Maddocks

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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

Nightmare World of John Hawkes

LUNAR LANDSCAPES
by JOHN HAWKES
(New Directions) \$5.95

Sometimes it seems that all of contemporary American fiction, like Caesar's Gaul, can be divided into three parts: genito-urinary realism, black humor, and John Hawkes.

Since Hawkes began writing 20 years ago (the earliest work in this retrospective collection of six stories and three novellas is *Charivari*, 1950), U.S. fictional territory has been extended in every direction by some of the meanest, loveliest, dirtiest, funniest writers ever to make American out of English. Updike, Roth, Salinger, Purdy, Barth, Selby have told us almost everything—with illustrations. But the neo-Gothic claim originally staked by John Hawkes stands virtually untouched by anyone else.

The dark nether world Hawkes surveys in such early novels as *The Carnival* and *The Beetle Leg* and sketches in the shorter works of *Lunar Landscapes* corresponds to our own world physically. But through a fusion of imagination and occult literary techniques—distortion, hallucination, necrophilic metaphor—Hawkes creates a new anti-real world that makes a black romance of the fact world we live in. The Hawkes world is terrifying, like a mob with picks and torches. It's beautiful, like a collapsed span of bridge or a tenement after a day under the ball—a world as filled with secret messages as a book of suicide notes.

But to label Hawkes with despair is too easy. "I want to... maintain the truth of the fractured picture," he once said, "... but always to create and to throw into new light our potential for violence and absurdity as well as for graceful action." What saves his work from mere death celebration is the brilliance of creation. Hawkes writes as though under the guard of Thomas Wolfe's dark angel. His language glows with a cold, oracular luminescence: images retrieved from an ice age of the emotions.

To read John Hawkes profitably requires the kind of attention one reserves for higher mathematics. His prose is only slightly less difficult to paraphrase than an Auden villanelle.

Beginning with the simplest situations, his fictions soon explode with showers of gorgeous rhetoric and possibilities. In *Charivari* the primary event is matrimony. A 40-year-old bridegroom flees from family and marriage into madness. But Hawkes promptly turns the novella into an arcane comedy about the wickedness of caste, the debasement of sex, the ambiguities of identity. Or so I think.

The Owl and *The Goose on the Grave*, the other longer pieces in *Lunar Landscapes*, juxtapose the real and the fantastic, scramble lyricism and tragedy, but they return far more than *Charivari*. Both laid in Italy, they are fractured visions of terror. In *The Owl* a medieval citadel is ruled by the narrator, who is a hangman, dictator, sexual predator and, in his brain, an owl. Hawkes distorts scenes, shuffles characters, twists circumstances. Finally he has rearranged his slides to create a fantasy of totally debased Christianity complete with doomed Christ figure, grotesque last supper, and black benediction. *The Goose on the Grave* is Hawkes's modern corollary of *The Owl*. Here the monster is warfare. The victim is humanity. Surrogate for us all is an orphan boy who wanders across the ruins of a war-raped civilization in search of his mother.

If Hawkes dreams nightmares through most of *Lunar Landscapes*, he lifts them once in *A Little Bit of the Old Slap and Tickle* to reveal the lover of life behind his quarrels with monstrous human behavior. Sparrow, the lance corporal, returns to the seaside where his wife and kids live among "flotillas of landing boats forever beached." Amid the old ammunition boxes and muddy suspension of encrusted guns and vehicles, Sparrow and his woman conduct rituals of human renewal and regeneration.

There's too little of this maturer Hawkes fabulism in *Lunar Landscapes*. Too much of the younger Hawkes recording graves, butchering lambs, watching vultures. He has grown wiser since these earlier discoveries. But the essential John Hawkes is gloriously present, wandering through the machinery of the psyche, creating with language an imaginative world superior in terror, decay and sensual opulence to the one we live in. Hawkes's biography sounds like a Wasp statistic: 44, professor at Brown, married and four kids, American Field Service in World War II. But this student of Joyce and literary heir of Menninger invokes the magic of literature. He augurs light from darkness. The fact is that John Hawkes is a magus, the Gothic sorcerer of modern American letters.

by Webster Schott



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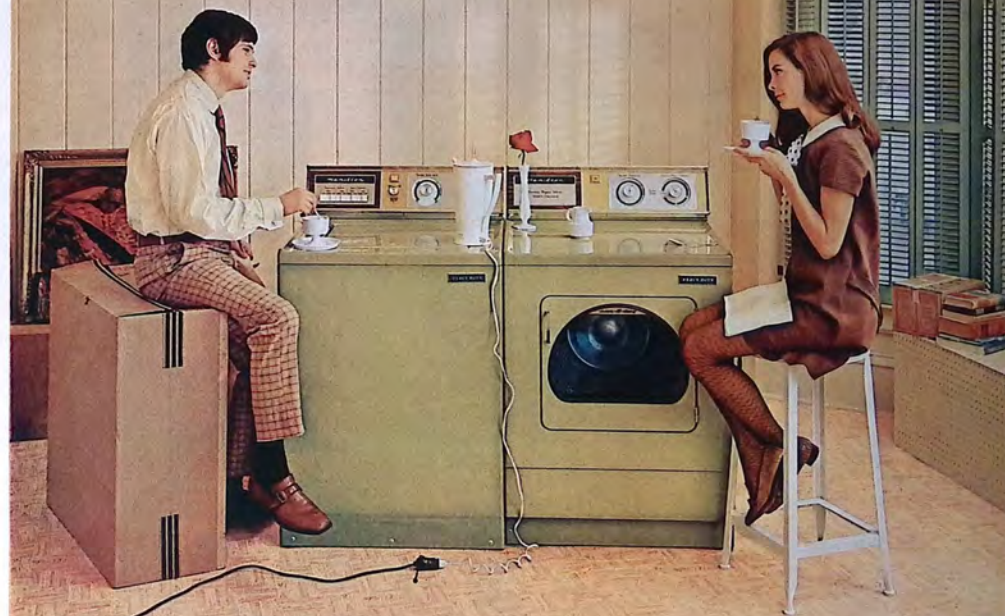


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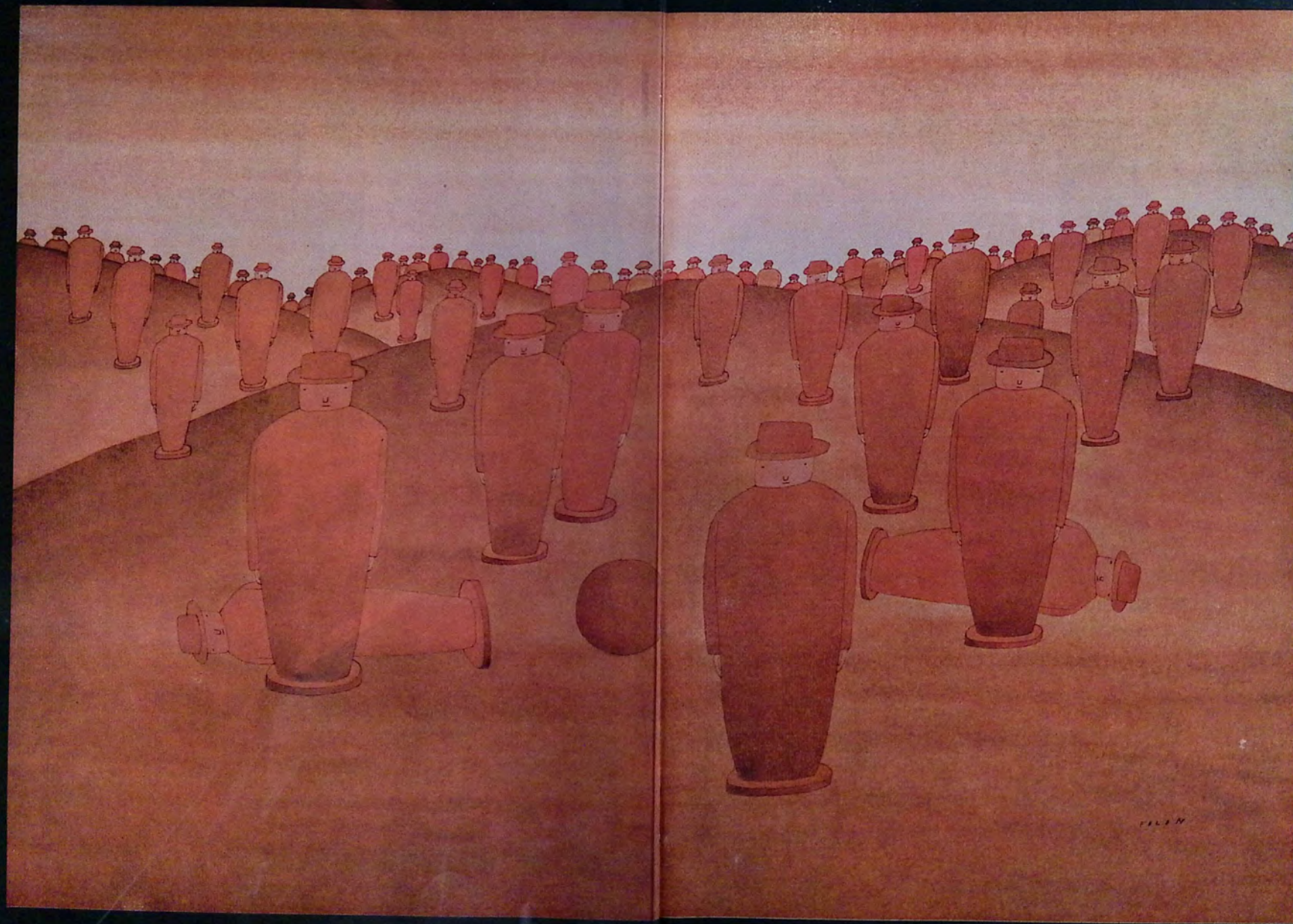
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

FIRE ON THE MOON

Sirs:
Who gives a tinker's damn about Hemingway's remark concerning a whore? Who gives a tinker's damn (in this case) about the rum-soaked Hemingway's messy suicide? Who gives a tinker's damn whether Norman (or was it Aquarius?) stabbed his wife in 1960, or about Old Word Gusher's asinine decision to run in a Democratic primary for mayor of New York? What in tarnation have these to do with "A Major Report on the Moon Venture"? This is not journalism. It is piracy if Old Word Gusher is being paid by the word.

GIBBS HOFMANN

New York, N.Y.

► *He's not*.—ED.

Sirs:

It may be that the near-perfect subject has been paired with the near-perfect author. It isn't the moon landing as such, but a study of these brain worshippers of earth, the NASA men and their hedonistic followers. They will seemingly stop at nothing to achieve what in their opinion are mankind's greatest goals and grandest pleasures: the mass concentration of resources to put a pasteboard man on another planet.

They may have caused some temporary flames on earth in order to achieve that goal, but the most beautiful and enduring fire is the one inside Norman Mailer.

PATRICIA BOONE MILLER

Floyds Knobs, Ind.

Sirs:

Norman Aquarius Mailer has made his contribution to history. He has Hitler speaking Yiddish, when he has him say, "Es war doch gewaltig." The German word is *gewaltig*.

DR. PAUL SCORPIO SINGER

Summit, N.J.

Sirs:

Mailer's perspicacity and honest, Jewish wisdom far surpass anything I've read with regard to our collective strengths and weaknesses since the best of James Joyce and Thomas Wolfe. I can't wait to read the Mailer rhapsody of the military-scientist-politico belchings at the Century Plaza Hotel "convention" in Los Angeles.

ALBERT MOHLER

Richmond, Calif.

Sirs:

What Norman Mailer needs (like Thomas Wolfe, who in some respects he resembles) is another Maxwell Perkins to give form to his prolific writing. His subjective treatise was marred by

innate prejudices, probably "too deep for words." Thus trying to package Werner von Braun (a pure scientist and above politics) and NASA as a Nazi organization is about as silly as for a Gentle to say the B'nai B'rith is a cover for Benny's breath.

GALEN GRAHAM

Central LaSalle, Mich.

Sirs:

I'm happy to hear the next instalment is not "due" for six weeks. My subscription will lapse in three.

R. WILLIAM

Springfield, Ill.

WOODSTOCK

Sirs:

"The Big Woodstock Rock Trip" (Aug. 29): That's a beautiful portrait of the boob tube generation. Where are their Mickey Mouse hats?

H. P. HODES

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

The news media have spent thousands of words describing the Woodstock fair, but little has been said of the entertainers and artists who really drew the multitudes together. I am a designer, Ira Arnold, a writer, and I developed the "three days of peace and music" theme on which the fair was based, and created the now-famous Woodstock poster—the hand, dove and guitar symbol that LIFE used on the cover of its special Woodstock edition.

ARNOLD SKOLNICK

New York, N.Y.

► *Mr. Skolnick's name was unfortunately omitted from the picture credits in the Woodstock Special Edition.*—ED.

SPECIAL REPORT

Sirs:

William Zinsser's report of his committee's strictures on the proliferation of nonsensicalisms in the English language ("Is It an O.K. Word, Usewise?" Aug. 29) delighted me. What about the most ridiculous of all absurdities, "This has got to be the greatest," which Mr. Nixon tries to make respectable as "This has to be the greatest"?

M. C. WREN

Toledo, Ohio

Sirs:

I fear that the cavalry is arriving after the fort has long since burned down. So few people can use a dictionary intelligently that only the already literate are likely to appreciate one that tries to set respectable grammatical standards.

DAVID PIERCE

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

Using the "exact tools" of the language, William Zinsser reports that the usage panel "strictly upheld most of the classic distinctions . . . no matter how many people use them wrong." As a lexicographer, Zinsser should know that few people use words wrong, though many, himself included, use words wrongly.

CRAIG C. ELEY

Rockford, Ill.

► *Mr. Zinsser refuses to feel bad, or even badly. Like co-panelist Marianne Moore, who chooses the grammatical form unless it seems "affected," he doesn't think "wrongly" sounds rightly.*—ED.

BARNEY ROSSET

Sirs:

Rosset is changing the image of the smut peddler ("The Old Smut Peddler," Aug. 29). The peddler now appears as a dedicated man, bent on the task of protecting our rights . . . a freedom fighter. When Rosset suppresses decency, he becomes the censor.

D. L. BARTOSCH

Newhall, Calif.

Sirs:

One word about LIFE's descent into yellow journalism. After all these years of fighting for free literary expression—a fight from which LIFE has reaped its own benefits, as any careful reader of the magazine will have been able to discern over the past several years—I may perhaps be allowed to offer one possible definition for the word "smut": It is when truth is perverted to the point of nonrecognition.

BARNEY ROSSET

Grove Press, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

How nice that Barney Rosset has no worry about his son ever being the victim of a gang rape on his way home from school, or that he will never have to identify his little girl's mutilated body—mute evidence that one more person has been persuaded that "there is nothing wrong with acting out his fantasies."

JOAN RUBACK

Chester, N.Y.

GALLERY

Sirs:

Inexcusable for a LIFE department dedicated to photographic excellence to find Roland Michaud's photographs (Gallery, Aug. 29) "as warmly lighted and lovingly composed as three Rembrandt oils." Haven't we all agreed that comparing photography to painting serves neither art? Must another 130-odd years go by before photography earns its own aesthetic?

ROBERT MORTON

Editor

Time-Life Library of Art

New York, N.Y.

STEVIE

Sirs:

I loved the book *Stevie* ("Realism in a Book about Children," Aug. 29). I wish we had more like it. All we hear about are Tom and Jane and their family.

JACKIE LOWNEY

Marion, Mass.

Sirs:

John Steptoe has failed in one of his objectives ("The story, the language, is not directed at white children." *Stevie* will appeal to a "child"—that great English word that knows no sex, race, religion or creed; and *Stevie* appealed to me—a middle-aged WASP. A prime criterion of good literature is pertinence to the universal experience of mankind. Unconsciously, perhaps, John Steptoe approached this pertinence by writing of an experience held in common by ordinary people.

JUNE SYTIE

Los Gatos, Calif.

Sirs:

Stevie will be clipped out and read to our child, so she may understand that black children are warm, funny, happy and bright, sometimes sad and sometimes glad—just like she is. Thank you, John Steptoe.

DOROTHY M. BURTON

Annapolis, Md.

MOWBOT

Sirs:

William Zinsser's tongue-in-cheek concern about the safety aspects of the Mowbot automatic electronic lawnmower ("Electronic Coup de Grass," Aug. 22) illustrates his admission that he has never even seen a Mowbot. Had he seen one in operation he would know that Mowbot does avoid all permanent obstacles such as trees, flower beds, etc., which are encircled by the border-signal wire. As for temporary obstacles such as pets, toys, sneakers or humans, Mowbot, upon any impact, will either instantly stop, gently push the obstacle out of the way, or retract its blades as it passes over the object, so no damage occurs. Further, Mowbot's cutter motors are equipped with circuit breakers which immediately stop the blades if the load exceeds the safety margin, as would be the case with Mr. Zinsser's mink coat or carpet. Finally, in the remote event that Mowbot crosses over a border-signal wire, an electronic sensor instantly stops both mower and blades.

Mowbot's suggested retail price is \$875, not \$795 as Mr. Zinsser says.

GERARD E. NISTAL

Executive Vice President

MOWBOT, Inc.

Tonawanda, N.Y.

► *Mr. Zinsser regrets that his imagination crossed the border-signal wire.*—ED.

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**"My mother was a 'Maytag bride'
41 years ago, and now—so am I!"
says Mrs. Wertman.**



"I learned about Maytag dependability from my mother's experience."

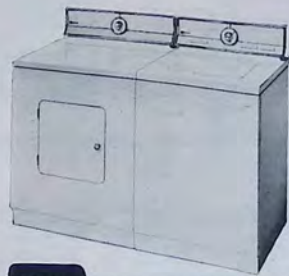
"The one she got in 1928 still works."

"Shortly after we were married Tim asked me what kind of washer and dryer we should get," writes Mrs. Sandra Wertman, Lancaster, Ohio. "My answer immediately was Maytag. No doubt about it."

She was only following her mother's example. "Mom bought a Maytag wringer washer in 1928 that she used until just three years ago, when she got her new Maytag Washer and Dryer," continues Mrs. Wertman. "She couldn't bear to part with her old faithful, though. She still has it and it's still in working order after 41 years. If I ever have a daughter, maybe she'll be a Maytag bride, too."

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We don't say all Maytags will match the record Mrs. Wertman's mother enjoyed. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag.



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THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE



After 3 years, the car that cost the least costs the most.

The official Used Car Guide is full of little surprises.

To show you what we mean, we've pitted one 1966 Volkswagen against 7 popular 1966 compacts.*

Back when they were spanking new, the popular compacts sold for an average price of \$610 more than the Volkswagen sedan.

You'd be amazed at how unpopular they've become in 3 years.

The same compacts now sell off a used car lot for an average of \$201 less than the Volkswagen.

Of course when you stop and think about it, this really isn't surprising at all.

How appealing is a car that looks 3 years old? Compared to one that never

looks old?

Or a car that gets about 14 miles per gallon? Compared to one that gets about 26?

Or a car that takes lots of oil and water? Compared to one that takes little oil and no water?

The official Used Car Guide is full of foregone conclusions.



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The new Sealy Posturepedic® Sleep System is a total plan for total comfort.

The new sleep system is part foundation. Part mattress. And part magic. The base of the new sleep system is a new foundation that replaces the box spring.



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Sealy Posturepedic



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Reit im Winkl, Bavaria

How do you like your Alps? In Germany, they come in all sizes.

Pick a slope at 1640 feet and you can mix sun bathing with your weds. Or choose the 9600 foot Zugspitze and ski as late as May—when they're already picking strawberries in the valley below. With over 50 resorts within 60 miles of Munich you can try the Olympic runs at Garmisch-Partenkirchen one day, skate and bobsled the next, then unwind with a horse-drawn sleigh ride through the spectacular Bavarian scenery.

And the hours off the slope are like nothing back home. Everything from concerts to roulette, from medieval castles to a mid-winter Mardi Gras called Fasching. The masquerade balls, parades, music and dancing just don't stop. Not even for dawn.

If you like skiing, contact Lufthansa. Three weeks skiing on our slopes costs only what one week could cost here. And that's a long run for your money.

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Confessions of a kite hustler

I thought my display looked terrific spread out there on the grass, with everything sorted into pyramids and piles and a raven-black fighter swooping overhead. I'd even burned a few sticks of Glory of India incense, just to set the tone for my show. All the same, the carnal people kept telling me that I should have made a sign.

RARE IMPORTED HAND-MADE FIGHTER KITES FROM INDIA SPECIAL \$2 & \$3 SPECIAL HERE TODAY NOW

Something like that might have brought on a buyers' stampede, and I suppose I would have put a sign up had I been selling kites for the sake of selling kites. But what I intended selling was my own performance (my professional debut, in fact) and a signboard would have been as vulgar and distracting as a toe-shoe ad onstage at the Royal Ballet. Those who saw the kite and fell under its abiding spell would have to be trusted to have sense and eyesight keen enough to follow the kites string earthward to me and my diffident display.

The Rutland State Fair in Vermont seemed about my speed, a country fair with a midway and show, drawing about 15,000 visitors a day. Before setting up, I cased the grounds thoroughly, checking out the trees, the wires, the flow of the crowd. There was a tempting glade between the Maple Sugar House and the 4-H barn, but I figured the traffic in that zone would be a shade too apple-checked for my exotic wares. The Midway was less inviting still—against a skyline of Rock-o-Planes, Tempests and Scramblers, a kite would look as frail as a city sparrow. At last I discovered the perfect spot, an island of grass between the race track and a gurgling Plexiglas tank where Skipper the Porpoise was swimming. Speed, the sea, the liquid sense of movement; this was where I'd find my people.

I was 200 feet high and holding when the gates were opened and the first

day's crowd came pushing in. The wind was a warming westerly, steady and soft, just right for an India fighter. A thumb-slug across the line was enough to bring me around for a dive, and I came swooning down past the tree-tops, past Skipper's tank and the Navy recruiters' bus, down until I was spinning a foot or less above the choppy river of approaching sunburned faces. Maiming hands reached up to snare me, but I was already vaulting away. With the raven safe in the altitudes, I tidied my stores of tails and reels and string, lighting another joss stick for good measure. The crowd, I knew, was transfixed—too stupefied to stop.

As I waited for my first disciple-customer to emerge from the timid masses, it struck me that for pure mental attitude, I was probably the best-trained pitchman at the fair. So maybe I didn't have a spiel, maybe I didn't have a sign. What did that matter when my kites were like sons to me? I hadn't spent five years under the string for nothing. I had bought kites, built kites, flown kites in every weather, gathered in the breeze of the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Nile, the Seine. Could the Barca-Lounger man say as much?

My weakness was in letting the birds mean too much to me. A simple fly at sunset wound up a recital, a lesson in aerodynamics, a consultation with a silent oracle. Selling a few kites might serve as a cure, I thought. I would reduce all these spiritualized complexities to the healthiest American equation: \$2 for the little ones, \$3 for the big.

The wind turned fickle as the day grew warm and sticky, but a loudspeaker voice was summoning the crowd to Skipper's tank—the moment I'd been waiting for. Circus-style hot-doggery overcame me as the porpoise-fanciers assembled, and soon I was darning a corkscrew descent into the patchwork wind, circling close over the tank, risking everything. I could feel the weight of canny Vermont reckoning tied like a tail to my kite. Somewhere deep inside me, I sensed a sale coming on.

Skipper's silly stunts were handsomely applauded—as mine might have been, given the porpoise's fancy signboard and MC. In an access of resentment, I sent the raven into a se-

by Barry Farrell

ries of slips and glides, a wicked parody of the splashing flippered thing in the tank.

"How much?"

With a folklorically correct economy of words, a crag-faced Vermonter was asking the price of a bird. He stood near the display of tails, squinting up at the sky like an outdoorsman in a cigarette ad. I needed only a second to collect myself—"Two for the little ones, three for the big."

Like many an amateur kite inspector, the Vermonter had trouble believing that the kite was in control. But the raven was on a maneuver of *haiku*-like perfection. I dove and climbed, turned and spun, calling my shots in advance. When at last I looked back with a forgiving smile, ready to do business, the Vermonter had wandered away.

It wasn't until King Kovaz and the Auto Daredevils took to the track that my act finally got itself together. The screaming cars were skidding through dirt-track slaloms that sent brown Sahara dust clouds billowing up across my grassy island, silting my tails, reels and birds, whirling the cloud up into the air. Every head turned to follow the rising pall—and there in the center, like a lumatic seagull, flew the raven. Suddenly, customers were jostling around my display. A kite? Of course. Two kites and a tail?

I sold \$69 worth of kites at the fair, which meant 21 Vermont apprentices and \$69 worth of crowd acceptance for my act. My gratitude made it impossible to push very hard for sales, and by way of compensation for the business I was doing in birds, I found myself apologizing for the price of my string.

Since my costs were the same as my prices, my profits were strictly emotional. Apart from the plain joy of flying, the fact of being part of a fair seemed to open conduits running 20 years back and more, to times when fairs stood like alps on my calendar. My heroes then were a clique of Filipino Yo-Yo merchants who worked the playground at my school, doing Dog-Bite-Me and Walka-De-Dog. Their medium was different from mine, of course, but their message was clearly the same: trouble will come to you only when you're not holding onto the string.



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LIFE

The nationwide debate over the effects
of sex education on
little children splits a small town in Wisconsin

Facing the 'Facts of Life'



In Cedarburg, Wis., stony-faced citizens (left) attend rally to protest sex education in elementary schools. Above, part of the controversial curriculum—a film strip aimed at third-graders.

A young woman who taught it gets obscene phone calls. A Lutheran minister who supports it faces rebellion in his church. Former bridge partners who disagree over it snub each other on the street. A mother of six who opposes it says, "It is like fighting the devil himself."

The issue is sex education for little children. Teaching the facts of life in high schools always has been controversial. But in the small town of Cedarburg, Wis.—as in thousands of communities across the U.S.—the recent shift of sex education to the elementary grades has stoked anger, fear and mistrust. In Cedarburg parents expend so much energy on the controversy that their concern has rubbed off on their children, who scrawl "SEX" across the sidewalk of the main street. "Because of all this fuss," says an elementary school principal, "the word sex has become a dirty word to kids."

The local seven-man school board started the program last January at the request of such Establishment groups as the PTA, clergy and civic leaders. Though parents were invited by the schools to view the course before it began, there was so little interest only 25 showed up. Now, egged on by the right-wing Christian Crusade and John Birch Society, some parents see the course as a Communist plot designed to undermine the morality of American youth. Others more temperately believe that it invades parental rights and wonder whether teachers, particularly the single ones, are qualified—morally or academically—to talk about babies. Some fear that too early classroom discussion of sex will encourage children to experiment or lead to psychological trauma. This month, the Cedarburg school board caved in, and suspended the course—causing some already angry teachers to think about quitting.

Photographed by MICHAEL MAUNEY



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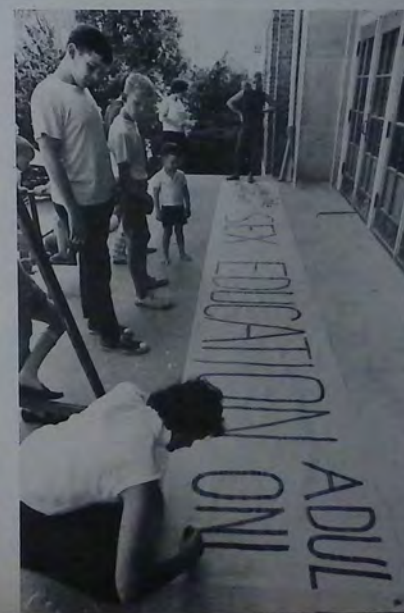


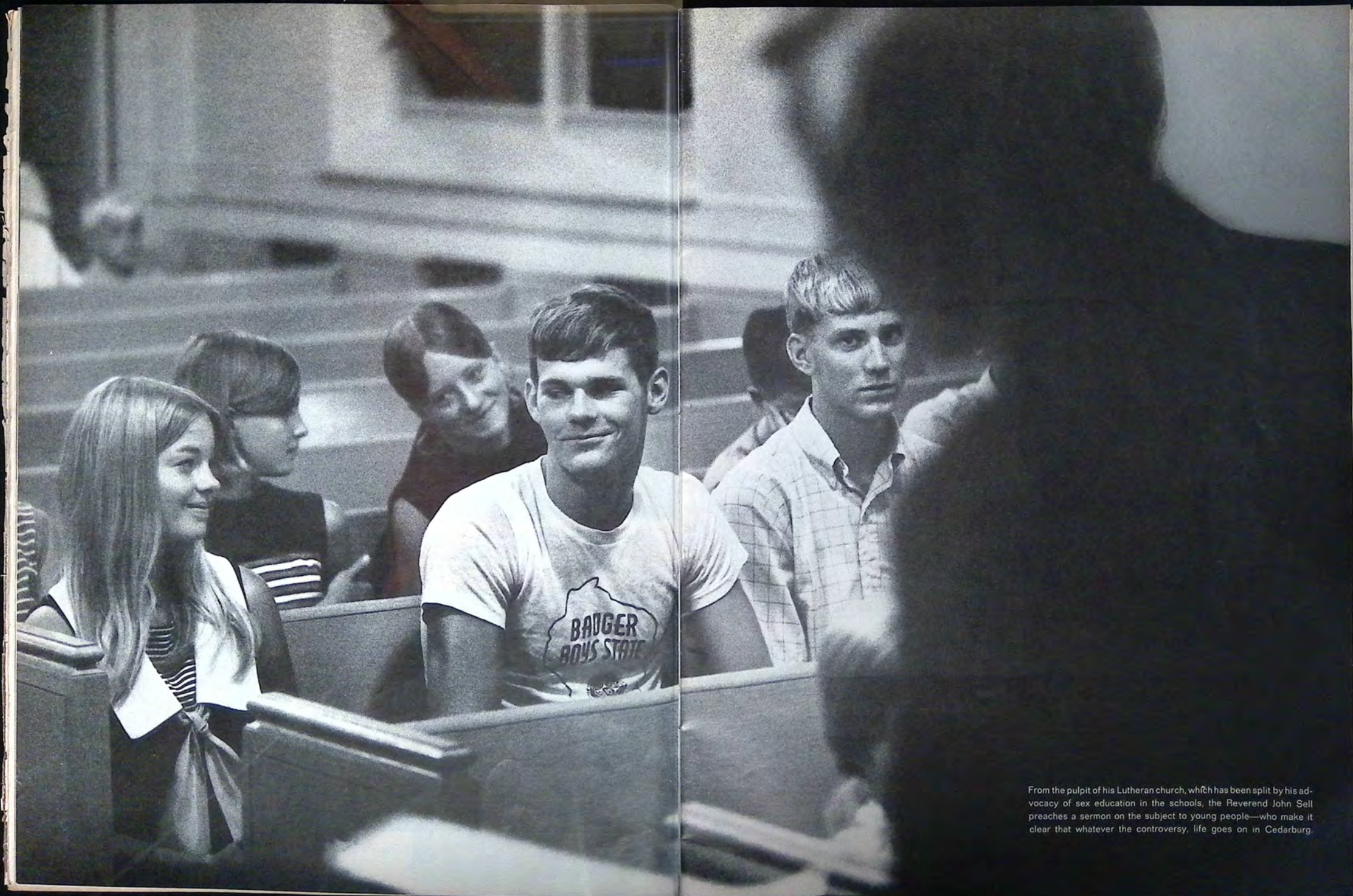
Drawing the battle lines on main street

The debate in Cedarburg is personal and intense, but it is by no means unique. The controversy rages in virtually every state. Though sex education in elementary school has been approved by the American Medical Association, the National Educational Association and the National Council of Churches, some 20 state legislatures have considered bills to control the curriculum or abolish it. Angry parents are banding together in POSSE (Parents Opposed to Sex and Sensitivity Education), SOS (Sanity On Sex) and MOMS (Mothers Organized for Moral Stability). By pamphlet and word of mouth, opponents spread spicy rumors: San Francisco schools show films of intercourse (they don't); Anaheim, Calif., which has a progressive sex education class, has a high disease rate (it doesn't); a Midwest teacher stripped nude for an anatomy class (she didn't). A favorite target is the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S., which provides detailed manuals to teachers—critics say the materials go directly to kids. The most vociferous attacks come from ultraconservatives, including the John Birch Society, Dan Smoot, "Let Freedom Ring" and Rev. Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade. "I don't want any kids under 12 to hear about sexual intercourse," Rev. Hargis says. "They should be concerned with tops, Yo-Yos and hide-and-seek."

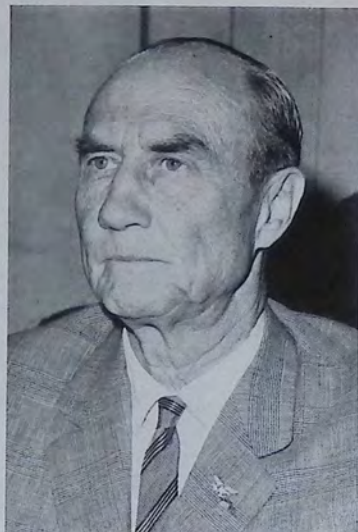


Mobilizing with their children (above), mothers who favor sex education petition support on the main street of Cedarburg. At right, opponents prepare for a protest rally that brought in the Christian Crusade's Gordon Drake (below left). Below, at a principals' meeting, teacher Leta Dvorak describes program she helped devise.





From the pulpit of his Lutheran church, which has been split by his advocacy of sex education in the schools, the Reverend John Sell preaches a sermon on the subject to young people—who make it clear that whatever the controversy, life goes on in Cedarburg.



Senator Thurmond looking stern at the 1968 Fortas hearings

How the senator
from South Carolina
succeeds in real estate

Strom's Little Acres

by DENNY WALSH

"... as his colleagues in the U.S. Senate know, of all the people to be suspected of misuse of public position for private profit, Strom Thurmond is the least likely candidate.... When Strom Thurmond went to the Senate, he dissolved his law partnership, resigned as president of the At-

ken Federal Savings and Loan Association (which he had organized and was attorney for) and disposed of the few stocks he had. He has had no connection with business since then." Editorial in the Columbia (S.C.) Record, June 16, 1969.

"Mr. President, members of the Supreme Court should be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion." Senator Thurmond commenting on the Justice Fortas scandal, May 5, 1969.

The South Carolina Highway Department paid \$200 an acre for Interstate 20



right-of-way property on the far side of the river. For Senator Thurmond's land, shown in the foreground, the price was \$492 an acre

"A man in public office has got to appear to be right as well as he right," Senator Thurmond in debate on the matter of Mr. Justice Douglas' outside earnings, June 9, 1969.

In all government there can be few more vocally unrelenting opponents of unethical conduct in office than James Strom Thurmond, the senior senator from South Carolina.

Senator Thurmond has an almost un-

matched gift for projecting disapproval, a quality which prompts less resolute men to feel guilt in his presence without knowing what for. Social acquaintances describe him as a warm and courtly man, but the warmth he radiates on the floor of the Senate is American Gothic. His eyes are wintry; the rare smile that bends his straight mouth is the sort of rupture that starts avalanches. He is, at 66, legendarily fit, a pusher-up and a weight-lifter, a user of noth-

ing more addictive than prune juice. His bearing and stride are those of a general officer (he holds a two-star reserve commission in the Army). He is a swinger in only the most literal sense—over the years he has undertaken to right more than a few affronts with his fists.

Senator Thurmond's stature and power in Washington are commensurate with the rewards of the rectitude he preaches. A key member of the Judiciary and Armed Services com-

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mittees, he moves importantly in the corridors of Capitol Hill.

Because of his unique position as the Republican who is Southern enough, senior enough and segregationist enough to hold the battlements against George Wallace, Senator Thurmond has great persuasive authority in the Nixon administration, among whose working stiffs he is known as "Sugar Daddy." His former administrative aide and close associate, Harry Dent, is, by reason of his control over patronage, currently the most politically influential assistant in the White House. Dent is in the White House because Thurmond wanted him there. No Nixon appointments from the South are made without Strom Thurmond's assent, and there have been a lot of them. This would include Postmaster General Winton M. ("Red") Blount, an Alabamian, and it would include Clement F. Haynsworth Jr., of Greenville, S.C., President Nixon's nominee to the Supreme Court (see box, p. 46). No fewer than 16 South Carolinians occupy key executive department positions in the Nixon administration. These range from special assistants to the

Defense Secretary and the Postmaster General, to the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the tax division, to a director of the Export-Import Bank.

Back home in South Carolina, Thurmond's power, if not absolute, is awesome. It was here that he first drew national attention when as a Democratic governor he ran for President of the United States in 1948 as a Dixiecrat. He returned to the fold to be elected to the Senate as a Democrat in 1954 and supported Senator Lyndon B. Johnson for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960, but sat out the subsequent Kennedy-Nixon race. He became a Republican to campaign for Barry Goldwater in 1964, and four years later held six states of the South for Nixon. (It is noteworthy that one of his farewell acts before bolting the Democratic party was to outlicker the old political horse-trader Lyndon Johnson, maneuvering the appointment of his former law partner, Charles E. Simons Jr., to the federal bench.)

His home state press ranges from uncritical to adulatory. Most of his constituents are reluctant to believe Strom Thurmond capable of cutting a single ethical corner—or, believing, most reluctant to talk about it.

But lately there has been talk about a real estate venture in Aiken County, near the Georgia border, in which Senator Thurmond and his old Aiken law associate, Federal Judge Charlie Simons, are partners. The talk concerns a transaction between the Thurmond-Simons partnership and the South Carolina Highway Department which resulted in a whopping profit for the senator and the judge. There was no publicity concerning the deal, which was put through more than a year ago. Public records of it are hard to come by, or unattainable for one reason or another, and were in one instance mysteriously missing from court files for a time.

Everything that is Southern these days is cleared with Strom

The facts, as developed by LIFE's investigation, are straightforward enough. What they add up to is that Senator Thurmond and Judge Simons received from the state highway department more money for their land than any neighboring owners of similar property received, more money than the land was worth by any appraisal other than their own—in brief, more money by far than they would have received had they not been U.S. Senator Thurmond and Federal Judge Simons.

The Thurmond-Simons tract consists of some 3,000 acres of rough sandy land, mostly covered with scrub timber, for which they had paid an average of \$14.35 an acre, beginning with a 2,300-acre purchase in 1953. Aside from the harvest of some timber, the land had since remained idle and unproductive.

In 1966, the highway department began condemnation proceedings in Aiken County for right-of-way for the projected Interstate High-

way 20, which bisects the state from the northeast to Augusta, Ga. in the south. Included was a 66.04-acre strip through the Thurmond-Simons tract. Condemnation sales in that vicinity brought an average of around \$200 per acre to the landowners, a price generally conceded to be fair.

Senator Thurmond and Judge Simons, on the other hand, got \$492 an acre. And their remaining property, bisected for nearly a mile by Interstate 20, should now be worth even more. An overpass connects the two sides, and the state is paving, at a cost of \$26,636, about a mile-and-a-quarter strip of dirt road running through Thurmond-Simons land.

How did this favorable result come to pass?

At the outset of condemnation proceedings for the right-of-way, the state hired three independent appraisers. Two of these were master appraisers, widely known and respected throughout the Southeast. The third was a real estate agent from Aiken County. All three agreed that the owners of the Thurmond-Simons tract had been putting their property to the highest and best use—i.e., growing trees. The highest of the three appraisals, including land, damages and standing timber, was \$192 an acre. The lowest was \$130.

Although Thurmond's name was repeatedly invoked during the right-of-way proceedings, the senator himself remained pretty much in the background, leaving most of the negotiating to Federal Judge Simons. The judge is a familiar and respected figure around the state. Although his base court is Charleston, where he has a residence, his home is in Aiken and he and the three other South Carolina federal district judges sit in the various courts around the state. A large-boned, bespectacled man of 53, he exudes fitness and energy. When he drops the senator's name in business dealings, he does so with authority, for he carries the Thurmond proxy.

Judge Simons at first offered to give the 66 acres to the state in exchange for the placement of an interchange at the point where the dirt road through their property crossed the Interstate right-of-way. This the state refused; no interchange was needed there. There would be one with U.S. 1 five miles to the west of the Thurmond-Simons overpass, another five miles to the east at the juncture with State Highway 39. Then Judge Simons and the senator advanced the position that their acreage was a prime industrial site, made suitable for heavy wet industry by the presence of the narrow South Fork of the Edisto River and a tributary trickle known at various times of the year as McTier Creek or McTier Gully.

To support their judgment, Thurmond and Simons produced three experts of their own. ▶ One of these was Buck Mickel, president of the Daniel Construction Company of Greenville, S.C. The company's founder, the late Charles E. Daniel, had resigned his interim appointment as U.S. senator so that his good friend Strom Thurmond could claim seniority among the nine freshmen in the Senate "class of '54."

▶ Another was a close personal friend of Judge

Simons named Stathy J. Verenes, an Aiken beer distributor who is a member of the South Carolina Development Board and an ex-member of the Aiken County Planning and Development Commission.

▶ The third expert, also an ex-member of the county's planning and development commission, was William B. Byrd, an entrepreneur from North Augusta, S.C. As partners during Thurmond's first term in the Senate, Simons and Byrd had built a number of post offices throughout the state for lease to the federal government. This took place before Simons became a judge. Records in the regional office of the Post Office Department in Atlanta show that Judge Simons is still owner of post offices at Estill, Beaufort and Lyman, half owner of the post office at Langley, and that he still collects rent for all four from the government.

Thurmond and Simons flatly turned down the state's offer of \$200 an acre for their property. Then their experts submitted statements to the effect that the land was worth between \$500 and \$550 an acre.

In South Carolina, Judge Simons carries the senator's proxy

At this point, the state began a succession of legal moves whose end result, in the light of its initial position, was strange indeed.

Seeking local counsel in the Thurmond-Simons case, the state discovered that most Aiken County lawyers were otherwise engaged. The man finally retained was the Aiken municipal judge, Marion L. Powell. Powell set about to persuade his client, the state, of the hopelessness of its case. In a lengthy letter to Attorney General Daniel R. McLeod, in January 1968, Attorney Powell argued that the deck was stacked, that Thurmond witnesses Verenes and Byrd were so highly thought of in Aiken County that "the state will have to proceed with 'gloved hands' in its examination . . . because of a fear of alienating . . . friends on the jury." (In the case of Verenes, no one appears to have questioned the propriety of a state official appearing as an expert witness against the state.)

Attorney Powell also voiced his concern for the impressive reputation and influence of the landowners' attorneys, Benjamin Surasky and John H. Williams, and as for the landowners themselves he wrote:

"Judge Simons was a member of the state House of Representatives for many years and 'led the ticket' in every contested election in which he was a candidate.

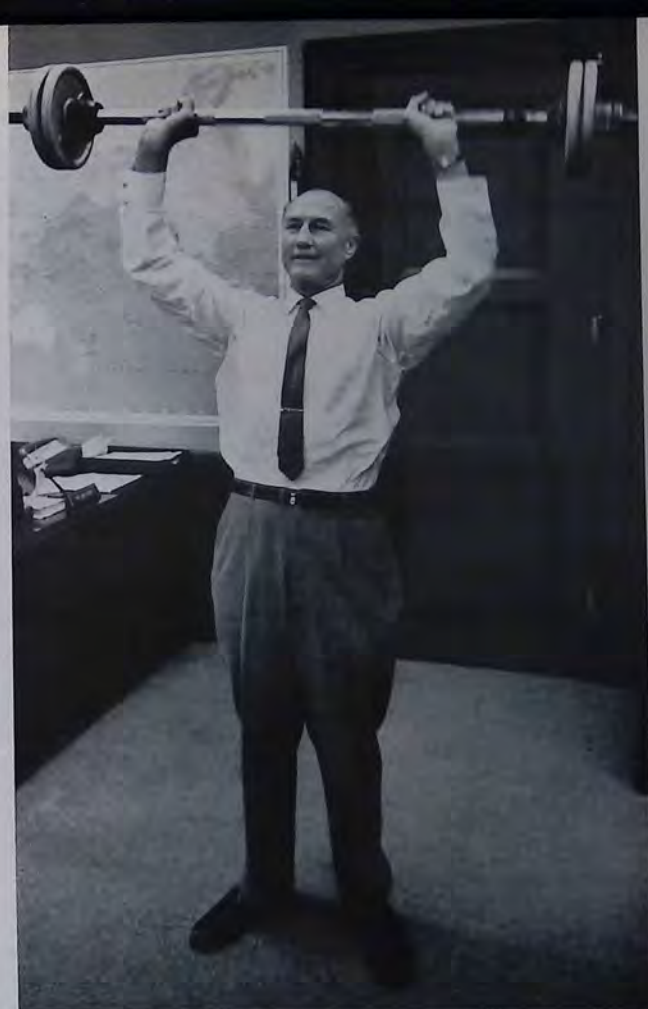
"Senator Thurmond is extremely popular in the county and the last several elections have proved his strength to an increasing extent."

Powell concluded his alarm with a hypothetical breakdown of a prospective jury panel. Ten or more, he calculated, would be former clients of either Surasky, Williams, Simons or Thurmond, and it "would be difficult to appraise the number that would have been political friends of one or another of these men,

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U.S. District Judge Charles E. Simons Jr. strides away from his handsome home in Aiken, S.C. He and Thurmond used to be partners in a law practice there.



Senator Thurmond, a physical fitness addict, presses a 53-pound barbell in his office (above). Photo at right shows him last December leaving church with his 22-year-old bride, the former Miss South Carolina, Nancy Janice Moore. "I prefer the smell of perfume to the smell of liniment," he is fond of telling friends.



but the odds certainly would be better for the defendants than the state."

Powell estimated that a jury verdict could ultimately award Thurmond and Simons as much as \$120,000. Accordingly, he wrote, he felt very fortunate to have obtained the agreement of the defendants to a settlement of \$50,000 for the 66 acres—more than \$750 an acre, or \$200 an acre more than the evaluation of Thurmond's and Simons' own experts. For this advice and connected services, the state paid Powell a fee of \$5,000.

Convinced of the awkwardness of its situation, the highway department thereupon sought the approval of the U.S. Bureau of Roads for the \$50,000 settlement. The bureau, which pays 90% of the cost of interstate highways, flatly refused.

While all this was going on, the owners of property adjacent to the Thurmond-Simons tract were being offered and were accepting \$200 an acre for condemned right-of-way. A Negro family whose land lay immediately to the east of the Thurmond-Simons property was in fact told by a highway department representative they had no choice but to take the \$200. Across the river to the west, a long-time Aiken resident and landowner took \$200 an acre for his river frontage which was very similar to the Thurmond-Simons property. He told LIFE he felt he got a fair price. He characterized the South Edisto at that point as "a swamp . . . I suppose [the bottom land] would grow a big tree if you waited a hundred years. To think of it as industrial property is rather far-fetched."

Adjacent to this man's land on the west, a 100-acre tract belonging to the Canal Wood Corporation, one of the largest landowners in South Carolina, was cut in two and destroyed for any practical company use by the right-of-way. The award in this instance, for right-of-way and damages, was \$250 an acre. An officer of the firm told LIFE he was well aware that his most famous neighbors had received substantially more, and philosophically observed of Thurmond: "He's a pistol, ain't he?"

'This state has been thurmondized as well as simonized'

The state's appraisers were called upon again, this time for depositions by the defense. They said the site was in no way suitable as industrial property. As a matter of fact, they added, this land would be enhanced with the advent of the new highway.

An expert on industrial water needs was prepared to testify that the Thurmond-Simons property was unsuitable for heavy wet industry. More than a dozen experts on industrial location requirements had refused to testify on learning the identities of the defendants.

(A little more than a year before this land was condemned, Judge Simons, also on the advice of beer distributor Verenes, sold 480 acres, located five miles downriver, to the Kimberly-

How to 'oppose' a friend into office

The nomination of Judge Clement F. Haynsworth Jr. to the Supreme Court, though billed as a Thurmond "defeat," offers, in fact, a fascinating example of Thurmond's power and his ability, with the help of White House Aide Harry Dent, to mask his moves while getting exactly what he wants.

Haynsworth, whose nomination is scheduled for Senate consideration this week, was recommended last May by Ernest F. Hollings, the junior senator from South Carolina, a Democrat. Some weeks later, Senator Thurmond proposed instead another home-state federal judge, Donald S. Russell.

To the uninitiated, it might have appeared that the senators had got their nominations mixed. Thurmond's nominee, a former governor and senator, is much more moderate than Thurmond

and is a Democrat as well. The two are not friends. Judge Haynsworth, on the other hand, while being the nominee of Hollings, is a close personal friend of Thurmond's and bolted with him to the Republican party, supporting Goldwater in 1964 and Nixon in 1968.

Thurmond's advocacy of Russell is therefore considered by most knowing observers as a pure feint. Haynsworth, having been proposed by a Democratic senator and supposedly lacking Thurmond's blessing, thus became more acceptable to the Democratic Senate majority and to Republican moderates. And Richard Nixon could make another South Carolina appointment without appearing to be obliging Strom Thurmond. The senator, his "own" candidate now forgotten, has made it clear that he is delighted with the result.

Clark Corporation. This property, much more suitable for industry because it is bordered by two state highways, brought Judge Simons \$103.82 an acre.)

About five days before the condemnation case was scheduled to go to trial, settlement was reached calling for \$492 an acre, or a total of \$32,500. A perfunctory trial was held, at which Judge Simons briefly testified, and then the jury was directed to bring in a verdict in line with the settlement reached between the state and the landowners.

Attorney General McLeod and his assistant who handled the case, J. C. Coleman, do not deny that the state paid considerably more than the property was worth. In an interview with LIFE they voiced no doubt that the industrial site claim was invalid, but said they felt there was a danger with these landowners that the jury would "go haywire." In other words, you don't fight Strom Thurmond and Charles Simons in South Carolina, particularly Aiken County.

"Assessing everything as well as we could, we felt \$32,500 was the best settlement we could make," they bluntly conceded.

When LIFE reporters went over the Thurmond-Simons tract with an independent realty appraiser, he commented glumly as he looked over a stand of scrub timber, "This land is mainly good just for holding the earth together." Another appraiser, on learning what the senator and the judge had received for the land, allowed that "this state has been thurmondized as well as simonized."

The Aiken County right-of-way settlement was as tightly kept as a family indiscretion. The entire case file, which is legally a public document, at one point disappeared from the Aiken County clerk's office in direct violation of the law, and no one seemed to know where it had gone. When a LIFE reporter returned a few days later, the file was back where it belonged,

but Judge Julius B. ("Bubba") Ness of the State Court of Common Pleas refused to provide a copy of the transcript of Judge Simons' testimony at the trial; it, too, was part of the public record but not in the file. (It was eventually obtained through intervention of the attorney general's office.) "I am not interested in selling copies of LIFE magazine," said Judge Ness, a good friend of Simons, and he added that he disliked "outsiders" taking transcripts and quoting them "out of context."

There is greater public awareness in South Carolina of a more recent real estate matter involving Senator Thurmond. This one concerns three lots the senator purchased on the bank of the Saluda River overlooking Columbia. Suddenly these lots appear to lie smack in the path of a bridge, which was earlier supposed to go somewhere else.

In 1964, South Carolina and the federal government cooperatively hired a transportation planning firm to undertake a study of traffic needs for the Greater Columbia area. The report, made public in 1966, recommended that an existing bridge across the river between Columbia and West Columbia be converted to carry one-way traffic into the state capital, and a parallel span be constructed immediately upstream to handle outbound traffic.

A year later, Sept. 11, 1967, the state highway department, this time without federal participation, and for reasons as yet obscure, hired another consulting firm to review certain aspects of the earlier study.

The following February, Senator Thurmond, for \$20,000, purchased his river lots, some distance upstream from the site of the proposed bridge. To the east, the lots have a view of the state penitentiary and an industrial area in the capital, as well as of some islands intervening.

Subsequently the second consulting firm came through with a recommendation for a

new bridge location—this one vastly longer and costlier than the first proposed span. The new right-of-way, now approved by the U.S. Bureau of Roads, nicks the corner of Senator Thurmond's recently acquired property. That portion of the senator's land not affected by the right-of-way, though hardly suitable as a homestead, will be immediately adjacent to an interchange. It cannot be stated that Thurmond had foreknowledge of or control over the second approved bridge site. Yet his purchase of the land could yield him as much as \$65,000 for the untouched and commercially desirable remnants of his property.

An interview with Senator Thurmond was scheduled for the afternoon of Aug. 29 in Columbia. The LIFE reporters arrived at the senator's offices to be met by the senator, and by Judge Simons, two of the senator's staff assistants, Attorneys Surasky and Williams from Aiken and a court stenographer. Judge Simons quickly informed the reporters that the stenographer would take complete notes on the session, and that it would be tape-recorded as well. Two microphones were on view on the senator's desk, and a light on the phone switchboard indicated that a line was open during the entire interview.

Senator Thurmond began by stating three points: 1) that he had nothing to hide, 2) that he would answer any questions and 3) that he wanted LIFE to "stick to the facts" and not distort them.

He then described himself as a man who has leaned over backward to prevent any possible conflict of interest. "I resigned every connection that I had of any kind of any business nature," the senator said. "I don't have any connection of any kind where there is any influence to bear."

What about the real estate partnership in Aiken County, he was asked? That land, said

Senator Thurmond, dated back to 1953, and he had let Judge Simons handle it for the most part because he, Thurmond, was busy in Washington. However, he showed a thorough knowledge of the condemnation case. "I think frankly it was worth over \$50,000," said Thurmond. "The reason I agreed to go along with this [settlement] . . . was simply because of the positions we held with the public, and we just didn't want to go into court if we could avoid it."

Judge Simons interjected: "Having the facts and the testimony that we had, if I had not been a judge and Senator Thurmond had not been involved, I would not have settled for what we settled for." Judge Simons said he thought the jury would have awarded a minimum of \$75,000.

The interview turned briefly to the senator's riverbank land purchase near West Columbia.

"I hoped to build a home on there someday," he said. "I thought I might wish to retire there. Now, if this road runs through there and touches a corner, it would destroy the property as a homestead. I have expressed the hope to the highway department that they would not have to run it through there, but if they do have to have the property, all I would expect is the money I put in it, plus interest."

'I don't have any connection where there's any influence to bear'

Judge Simons was clearly taken aback by questions concerning his ownership of federal post office buildings.

In the view of most real estate investors, it should be noted, post office building leases are "as good as an annuity." The tenant is orderly and undemanding, the rent is profitable

and the checks don't bounce. And in most states, including South Carolina, post office leases are as political as postmasterships.

Asked if he saw any conflict in a federal judge leasing post offices to the federal government, Simons replied that frankly he had never thought about it. "As a federal judge, I'm still an individual," he began. "This is something that was done before I became a federal judge. I don't see why my ownership of a post office would have anything to do with my ability to perform as a judge."

During this exchange, Senator Thurmond, visibly upset, interrupted to say: "I didn't know he [Judge Simons] had any leases on post offices."

The possibility of conflict of interest seemed to have occurred to the senator. The Post Office Department is frequently in federal court on both criminal and civil matters. It appears at least questionable that a plaintiff should plead any case before one of the defendant's landlords, or vice versa.

The amounts of money represented in these real estate transactions involving Senator Thurmond and Judge Simons are not, in a dollars-and-cents context, large. But the significance of Thurmond's real estate transactions is not lost on the White House, which has a great deal staked on the integrity and reputation of this most influential senator. Upon hearing of LIFE's investigation, Presidential Counsel John Ehrlichman immediately began his own inquiry.

One consideration is particularly urgent. Assuming Judge Haynsworth's confirmation to the Supreme Court, the most important judicial appointment facing President Nixon will be Haynsworth's replacement as a judge of the U.S. Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals.

The man generally conceded to have the inside track is Charles E. Simons Jr. ■

At a congressional reception last March, the senior senator from South Carolina was warmly greeted by President and Mrs. Nixon



The ground rules for 'national communism'

The Eastern world was preoccupied last week with the departure from politics—one by death, the other in official disgrace—of two practitioners of "national communism." The theory that national independence and character can thrive within the Communist system was practiced by Ho Chi Minh over half a century. Czechoslovakia's Alexander Dubček had eight short months to practice his version in 1968. The contrast between their political fates provides a useful occasion to evaluate the opportunities—and limits—of national independence in the Communist world.

Dropping all other business, Premiers Chou of China and Kosygin of Russia rushed to Hanoi to outbid each other in their fraternal and reverent obsequies to Comrade Ho. In Prague, by contrast, the Russians were overseeing a purge of "all those responsible for crass violations of the party line." True to the familiar Orwellian scenario, a Soviet-orchestrated overture of party press denunciations against "rightist opportunists and extremist adventurers" set the stage for Dubček to be relieved of his remaining party posts, and possibly put on trial.

Throughout most of his long career, President Ho was an "international" Communist as well as a Vietnamese patriot; indeed, at the Geneva Conference in 1954, some felt he put Soviet interests ahead of his own nation's in accepting the partition of Vietnam. In more recent years, Ho focused increasingly on Vietnamese interests, which lately never fundamentally conflicted with those of the two giant Communist powers. He was also able skillfully to exploit the Sino-Soviet schism, managing to get what he wanted from both sides. Uncle Ho made a more impressive figure in the Communist pantheon than either Brezhnev or Kosygin.

In Dubček's case, the opportunities for national communism were never as broad: the interplay between Soviet and East European politics was simply too great for the Kremlin to look the other way. He thought that the unmistakable longing of his people could be reconciled with a more humane communism, and hoped that Moscow would see it his way. What finally brought Soviet tanks into the streets of Prague was that Dubček, unlike Ho, showed an interest in introducing democracy into the workings of his state, an ex-

ample which could have threatened the existence of the Soviet system itself.

In their different ways, Ho and Dubček were able to command a sense of national spirit, particularly among youth, that used to be rare in second-rung Communist lands. That should prove, if proof is still necessary, the extensive erosion of a "monolithic" world communism. Leaders like Ho or Dubček are no longer unthinkable, but in fact, surprisingly frequent within the Communist world. Tito, Castro, and most recently Ceausescu of Romania are all politically successful practitioners of national communism.

It is still too early to conclude whether communism is truly capable of growing durable local roots in the soil of national independence. In Vietnam, Ho Chi Minh's thesis cannot finally be demonstrated within the political process until hostilities end on the battlefield. In Czechoslovakia, Russian tanks last year gave a crushingly negative verdict on the viability of national communism—but, in contrast to the Soviet quashing of the 1956 Hungarian revolt, Soviet intervention no longer seemed acceptable to most other Communist parties. The ground rules for a successful national communism seem to require at least two conditions: a leader prepared to resist pressure, and in a position to

The coherence gap

For a bigtime Wall Street lawyer who prides himself on clarity of presentation and orderliness with facts, Richard Milhous Nixon has done a rather deplorable job of imparting those qualities to his Administration. On key issues, high-level Nixon appointees have been talking out of so many sides of so many mouths that the Administration seems to be replacing the Credibility Gap of the L.B.J. era with a Coherence Gap of its own.

The Administration's major intramural match (though hardly the only game in town) is the traditional clash over nation-

al security. As the 1969 season began, a small disagreement arose over whether the U.S. is seeking "superiority" or only "sufficiency" in the nuclear arms race with Russia. Reassuringly, Defense Secretary Mel Laird eventually accepted the President's word that sufficiency would suffice—and went on from there to the ABM debate. While Laird flatly insisted "there is no question" that Russia was building a nuclear first-strike capability against America, Secretary of State William Rogers maintained that "I have difficulty in believing" it. The next time Laird and Rogers dined out on intelligence reports, the subject was a decrease in Communist troop infiltration into South Vietnam, which struck the State Department as "significant" and the Pentagon as "not significant." Finally, Laird and Rogers managed to mesh on White House plans for an August announcement of a 35,000-man Vietnam U.S. troop withdrawal. Only President Nixon unexpectedly decided not to have any announcement at all, until after his return to Washington.

Domestic pronouncements have been equally perplexing. Attorney General John Mitchell and HEW Secretary Robert Finch, of course, have aired their differences over the Administration's now-see-it-now-you-don't civil rights pro-

gram. When White House Urbanologist Pat Moynihan wrote off prospects for a domestic budgetary "peace dividend" at the end of the Vietnam war as "evanescent like the morning clouds," White House Counsel Arthur Burns countered that there would indeed be a peace dividend amounting to no less than \$8 billion.

And so it goes. Chief Economic Adviser Paul McCracken says Administration measures are beginning to lick inflation; Assistant Commerce Secretary William Chartener proclaims that inflation is still licking the Administration. A White House spokesman says the anti-hunger Food Stamp program will be retired as part of welfare reform; the President's adviser on nutrition says it won't. President Nixon proposes a tax-reform measure that would affect tax-exempt bonds; Vice President Agnew feels it will adversely affect municipal bond sales and privately urges state and local officials to oppose it.

There was great merit in Nixon's campaign pledge that his Administration would maintain "a candid dialogue with the people"—but this is hardly it. The Administration seems to be not only mixing its signals but changing them. Now that President Nixon has returned to White House East, we trust he will insist on clearer signals all around.

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A CREATIVE INTEREST IN CASH

ART YOU CAN BANK ON

Money is generating a new kind of interest in the art world. Always glad to make money out of art, some enterprising artists are now trying to make art out of money. Painters are picturing dollar bills and sculptors are bundling and gluing real paper currency and coins into their constructions. In such works the use of money, though unorthodox, is at least clearly visible. In the most radical form of monetary art, called investment pieces, the art is in the transaction—buying stock, receiving interest—and the money itself may never appear.

When New York's Chelsea National Bank staged an entire show of monetary art, the highlight was a minimal sculpture (right) of maximum interest. It consists of a bale of \$1 bills, totaling a quarter of a million dollars. The artist, Abraham Lubelski, who spent all of 15 minutes assembling the work, had to borrow the money to create what he calls his "sculptural daydream." The bank didn't have enough cash on hand, so it had to borrow the money from the Federal Reserve. The bank also had to post guards around the sculpture and put it in the vault at night. On exhibit for five days, the sculpture ran up a bill of \$300, because of the \$60 daily interest on the money.

Under the watchful eye of a bank guard, Sculptor Abraham Lubelski stands beside his \$250,000 sculpture, consisting of dollar bills. The dollar-bill drawing in background is by Andy Warhol.



MONEY-MINDED

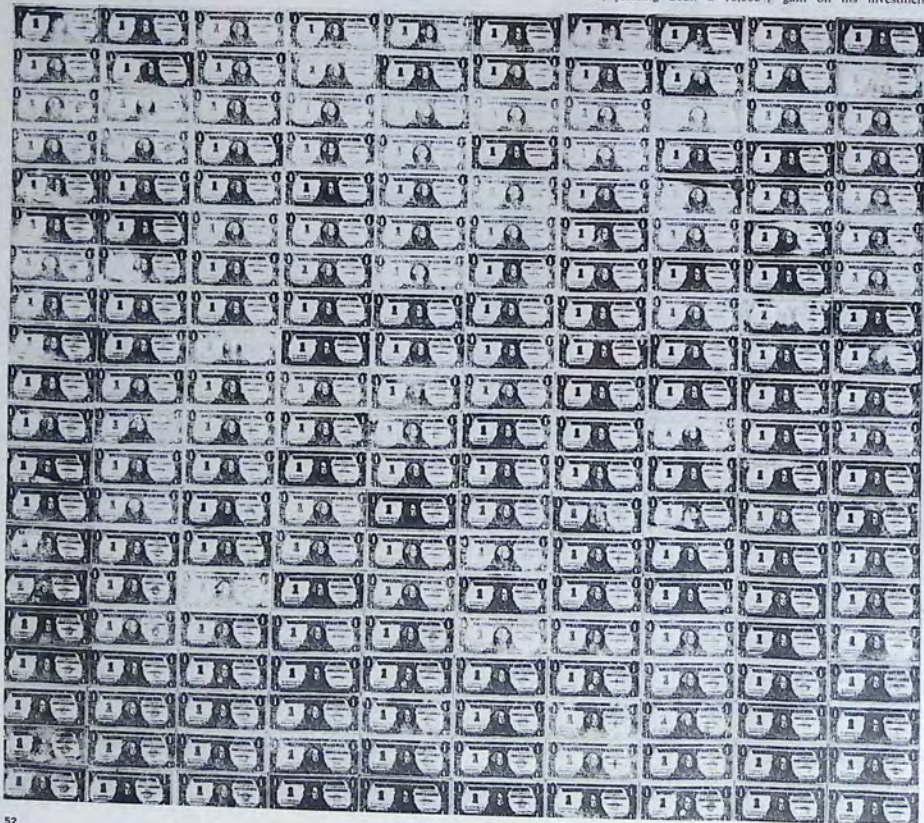


New York Sculptor Robert Morris had money on his mind back in 1963 when he purchased a plastic replica of the human brain and covered it with eight genuine dollar bills.



Paper money was a favorite subject of some American painters as early as the 1870s. William M. Harnett called this painting, which he did in 1877, *Still Life—Five Dollar Bill*.

In 1962 Andy Warhol's painting *Dollar Bills* was snapped up by pop art collector Robert C. Scull at its face value—\$200. Warhol thought he was making money by exchanging painted dollars for real ones. Today the painting is valued at \$20,000, yielding Scull a 10,000% gain on his investment.



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Arman, a French artist, embedded dozens of real dollar bills in a slab of clear plastic to create this 22-inch-high *Money Piece*. It is a replica of an earlier piece that was smashed by thieves who discovered to their dismay they could not extract the bills.

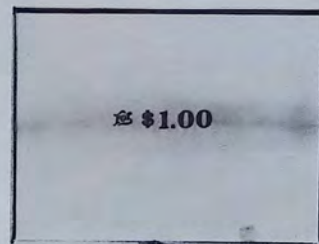
Sculptor Dennis Oppenheim (*below, center*) collected one day's litter from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, then transplanted the four tons of paper to a midtown rooftop for a one-day exhibit. He now contends that "money is a root of all art."



It's ONLY PAPER



In this collage by New York Artist Ray Johnson, a magazine photograph of Twiggy is adorned with a dollar-bill headband. Johnson embellished the bill with crayon and turned the model's running mascara into boots. "It's a pun on the paper dress," Johnson explains.



Edward Kienholz's watercolors, each signed with his thumbprint, are traded for the amount of money stamped on the face of the work. The most expensive watercolor sold thus far was the one inscribed \$1,000. Kienholz says the \$1 and \$10,000 pieces must be purchased together.

CONTINUED



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PROPHETS WITH CAPITAL IDEAS

The most enterprising prophet of monetary art is Edward Kienholz. By producing a series of watercolors in which the sole image is the asking price, he in effect issues his own currency. His series is an ironic comment on much of current art, such as investment pieces, in which the idea is more important than the form (which may not have a physical existence at all). It also mocks the practice of collecting art as an investment and at the same time enables both the collector and Kienholz to turn a tidy profit.

Kienholz, who was already commanding hefty prices for his room-sized tableaux—such as *The Beanyery*, a walk-in replica of a seedy Los Angeles saloon—knew that collectors would scramble to acquire his low-numbered water colors. They were indeed bargains, because the art market dictates that the highest sum paid for a work usually establishes the value for works by the same artist that are similar in size, concept, media and period. Thus, if a collector buys at face value the \$1 and \$10,000 pieces, which Kienholz insists be bought together, he will have set a \$10,000 price level for each work and doubled his money.

"All I'm doing is creating a situation where human greed comes out," says Kienholz. "I'm really the loser anyway, since what I get in return will depreciate, while the value of the work goes up." In fact, Kienholz shrewdly forced collectors to sign a highly unorthodox—and potentially lucrative—purchase agreement. It guarantees to the artist and his heirs a 15% share of profit from any resale or lease of the work.

The first investment piece was dreamed up by that old master of Dada, Marcel Duchamp. In 1924 he formed a one-man company to underwrite his roulette gambling at Monte Carlo. To raise capital, he issued 30 bonds priced at 500 francs each and promised 20% interest to investors. The sale of only two bonds enabled him to get to Monte Carlo, where he played the tables for nearly a month and managed to break even.

In the late 1950s another French artist, Yves Klein, created a type

of investment piece which he called "immaterials." A collector would buy the work directly from Klein—in one case it was a roomful of nothing except air and the artist's "presence." After issuing a receipt for the money (or gold, which he sometimes insisted on), Klein would scatter the proceeds from a plane or boat. Then, so that the artist and owner each had nothing but the pure art experience, the collector would complete the piece by burning the receipt.

Last March, Artist Les Levine shelled out \$2,375 to purchase 500 shares of a volatile over-the-counter stock. After one year, he will sell the shares and declare the profit or loss to be the work of art. "In order for the piece to work," he explains, "there has to be reasonable opportunity for loss or profit. It wouldn't work with IBM or A.T.&T.—it just wouldn't have any point."

For a recent show at the Whitney Museum, Robert Morris devised an investment piece of far more interest. He submitted a typewritten sheet proposing that the museum acquire \$100,000 by obtaining a loan against its art collection or real estate holdings, then invest the sum for the duration of the exhibition. He stipulated that any profit would be divided between himself and the museum (he did not take any responsibility for loss). If a collector wanted to acquire the piece, he had to assume the \$100,000 loan and agree to pay Morris half of the income from the investment.

The Whitney Museum was understandably reluctant to mortgage its collection or to engage in speculative investments. To oblige Morris, however, the museum borrowed \$50,000 from Howard W. Lipman, an art-collecting investment broker, and offered to pay him 5% interest during the 48 days of the exhibition. The money was deposited in the museum's account at the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

The day after the show ended Morgan Guaranty sent the museum a check for interest totaling \$328.77. Since this was the exact amount the Whitney owed Lipman for the use of his money, the only gain or loss was an esthetic one.

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especially designed for the Wide Mouth. Then try this recipe. Bon appétit!

Beef Stroganoff

Sauté 2 lbs. finely minced onion in 2 tbs. butter or margarine. Add 1 lb. sirloin steak, cut in thin strips 1/4" x 1/4" x 2". Brown well on all sides. Add 1 1/2 cups thinly sliced mushrooms and cook over low heat, stirring frequently, until tender. Stir in 1/2 cup sour cream and heat through but do not boil. Season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Makes 3 servings.

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It's a station any town can be proud of. And New Canaan is. But it wasn't always so.

When Shell first proposed to build a station on this lovely,

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"Tear down all those beautiful trees, and in its place glass, chrome and concrete?"

They imagined something completely at odds with the location and their colonial inspired community.

But Shell engineers and architects quieted their fears. And convinced the community that they could spare the trees, and

build a station that would be a credit to the community, and blend in beautifully with the location.

You see the results.

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Shell, a big oil company, swayed by a tree. It's sort of poetic, isn't it?





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Deep in thought, Dr. James A. Pike, former Episcopal Bishop of California, strolled often along the beaches near the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, Calif. He went there in 1966 as a "worker bishop," leaving his post as bishop after his 22-year-old son, James Jr., had shot himself in a New York hotel. Pike was reared a Catholic, and for a while studied for the Catholic priesthood. He switched to law, became a government attorney, then started anew as an Episcopal priest. This year he quit the Episcopal Church—which had almost tried him for heresy—decrying it as "a sick—even dying—institution." He and his new wife began work on a book exploring the origins of Christianity. In the wilderness near Bethlehem, researching a book about Christ's life, he lost his way and died after a fall from a cliff he tried to climb.

Man of Faith, Child of Doubt

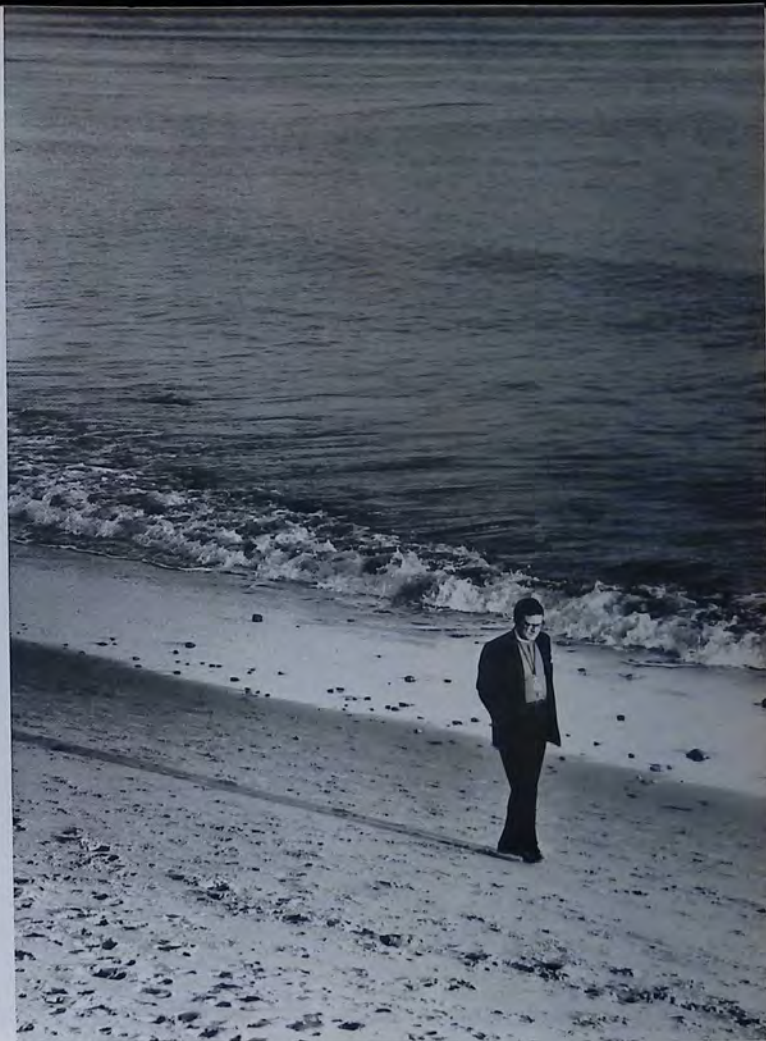
by JOHN COGLEY

The death of James A. Pike was extravagantly rich in symbolism—almost absurdly so. A screenwriter who devised such an end would be charged with theatrical excess, as Jim Pike himself often was during his years of fame. But life wrote the Pike script, and there is nothing to do now but accept the fact that here was a vibrant man, of perhaps no more than middling intellectual gifts, who had nature, history and fate working for him. Together they produced an extraordinary human being whose impact on the world of ideas far exceeded what might have been expected of him—a

churchman who was neither scholar nor saint but the ordinary 20th Century Christian writ large.

Bishop Pike (the title was never formally withdrawn by the church, even after he repudiated it) died as he lived: a religious believer who challenged the certainty of the agnostic; an agnostic who upset the complacency of the devout by his ceaseless questioning; a man of faith who was never quite sure about what he believed; a secular man for whom the world was never quite enough. In short, a puzzlement to all, even his friends.

There may be a Jim Pike hidden in every man. Most of us are part believers in our own immortality, part doubters about our own significance, part men





At California State in 1966, the year of his clash with the orthodox clerics of his church, Pike demonstrated what one of them called his "near-demagogic" speaking ability (above). At left, his young wife, Diane, exhausted and bruised by her own travail on the desert, breaks down during the search for Pike. Her stamina and tenacity won praise from the Israeli trackers whom she accompanied in the arduous search for him (right).

Not an original thinker—an original man

CONTINUED

of faith, part children of doubt. Bishop Pike became a towering figure in modern life for one reason above all others: he mirrored our weakness, our uncertainty, our desperate clinging to old beliefs and frightened acceptance of new realities. If at times he seemed almost clownish, it may have been because there is an absurdity in the ambiguity we all share. When he embarrassed us, it may have been because he dared to say in public what most of us are ashamed to think even in private—for the believer, that one might be the victim of myth; for the agnostic, that one just might be cutting oneself off from worlds that truly exist.

The Bishop, though alienated from his church, lived and worked within a Christian ambience until the last. Look, then, at his death through Christian eyes. When the end came, of all places in the Holy Land, where he had gone with his wife on a search for the "historical Jesus," he was wandering, lost, in the very wilderness the Messiah chose when he wanted to withdraw from the affairs of men. In his final hours, the man who last April broke with the organized church found himself going it alone in an unknown terrain, cut off from human contact and wholly dependent on his own resources. He died finally of exhaustion, after a fall. And when they found his body, days later, it was in a kneeling posture. It was almost as if in death he was telling us—in the theatrical style which marked his career—that the believer had triumphed finally over the skeptic.

Jim Pike himself could not have imagined a more spectacular departure from this life—and that is saying something, for he seemed to have an insatiable thirst for the flamboyant. It is easy to believe that in the last earthly hours of Jim Pike the bizarre circumstances in which his life was coming to a close caught his fancy.

I can imagine him praying that the symbolic meaning of his lonely agony would not be lost on the world and that it would stand as the ultimate expression of a life devoted to asking, if not answering, the biggest questions of them all. Even in his misery Jim's realism would not have failed him. He must have known that he was making headlines throughout the world. The realization that he was getting so much attention at the very end, one can believe, could have assuaged the misery.

Bishop Pike was at once the master and the victim of modern publicity techniques. He went about using them the way he did everything else, with candor, startling directness, and disarming simplicity. No Hollywood starlet cooperated more readily with reporters and cameramen. No Madison Avenue professional was more adept at packaging a product than he, whether he was selling Jesus-the-freedom-fighter, peace in Vietnam, or, his last enthusiasm, psychic research. He knew every trick in the bag, and he used them all impudently—the facile phrase ("fewer beliefs, more belief"), the startling analogy (the rhythm method of birth control: "Vatican roulette"), the irreverent formulation (Muslims have one God and three wives; Christians have three Gods and one wife).

The press, for its part, generally cooperated obediently, reporting his latest reworking of an obscure theologian's findings as if it had just been handed down to him from Mount Sinai, spreading his less-than-original theological insights and conventional doctrinal doubts before millions of readers as if they were the fruits of his own extraordinary scholarship.

Jim Pike was not an original thinker. His strength as well as his weakness was that he was an original man, who had an uncanny ability to make the secondhand look new. He could promote situational

CONTINUED



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In private he was still the Bishop

CONTINUED

ethics as if he invented the idea. He could propound the new theology as if he had worked his way through to it by immense intellectual effort. When he discovered psychic phenomena, it was as if it had never been heard of. In recent years he went about the study of Christian origins with the same air of fresh discovery, as if the scholars who have worked in this field for years were his research assistants. In earlier days, he was constantly credited with more scholarship, inventiveness, creativity and originality than he actually possessed. He was doomed, then, to be a disappointment to many who looked to him for what he could not give, if only because he was too busy for serious study or prolonged introspection. He finally gained a reputation for glibness and raw publicity-seeking. The result was that his most serious moves, like his trumpeted exit from the institutional church, were not taken very seriously. There had been too many controversies, the publicity releases had become too frequent. If he knew this, he never acknowledged it but carried on as if his latest project would be the greatest breakthrough yet.

The public Pike, especially in his latter days, was very much a man of the world, agnostic, irreverent, anticlerical. But in his private dealings he remained the Bishop, full of pastoral concern, eager for ecclesiastical gossip, still looking through clerical eyes at the "world" he so rapturously embraced in public. His interest in church affairs never waned. He must have read a dozen denominational publications regularly and was always happy to discuss the latest developments in institutional religion with anyone who had enough interest to talk about them with him. After his formal break with the church, one of his colleagues at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions where we worked together fell ill. Pike visited his friend in the hospital and in spite of all public denials of the Trinity and the self-laicization took the opportunity to anoint him with holy oils and pray over him "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." He acknowledged freely and frequently to his friends that he missed the grandeur of the old liturgy, even as he enthusiastically endorsed—out of some sense of duty toward experimentation and "relevance"—the most far-out new-style eucharistic celebrations.

It always seemed to me that James Pike was happiest, and at his very best, when he was fulfilling some office proper to a priest or bishop. Certainly his past in the church was dear to him. He betrayed a nervous intensity about his restless free-lance ministry that was not altogether convincing.

It may not be going too far to say that it was the church that made James A. Pike. Without it, he communicated a sense of being lost at times. At other times, it seemed that even though he had taken off the ring of office and had shed his clerical Roman collar for a tie, his Episcopal cross for a peace medallion, he brought the church with him wherever he went. His successor, Bishop Kilmer Myers of San Francisco, said after his death that Pike would occupy a front rank among the great bishops of the Episcopal Church. For all the iconoclastic headlines he made in recent years, I think that is how he will be remembered, as Bishop Pike. I think he would like it that way, too.



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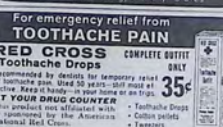
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Vietnam: 'A Degree of Disillusion'

After a four-month wait, villagers from Phuuuu in the Mekong Delta get reconstruction funds



Text and pictures by
LARRY BURROWS

Larry Burrows went to Vietnam early in 1962 and, with occasional breaks, has been covering the war there ever since. He was with South Vietnamese troops until 1964 and developed affection and sympathy for them and for their war-shattered country. Since then he has been with American troops. This year he returned for a look at the people who seemed destined to inherit the war. This is his personal report, in words and pictures.

All over Vietnam you see the faces—more inscrutable and more tired now than I have ever known them to be. Their eyes do not meet yours, because they are aware that the enemy is still, even today, all around them, watching. They are in the middle. The pressure on them is terrible and has existed for some 30 years.

I have been rather a hawk. As a British subject I could perhaps be more objective than Americans, but I generally accepted the aims of the U.S. and Saigon, and the official version of how things were going. This spring, impressed by government statistics showing that conditions were improving, I set out to do a story on the turn for the better. In the following three months I indeed found some cause for optimism—better training and equipment in the South Vietnamese army, more roads open and safe—but I also found a degree of disillusion and demoralization in the army and the population that surprised and shocked me. The story became an attempt to show—and explain—that feeling in the South Vietnamese, and why it is such an uphill battle to try to change it.

Two months ago the first small group of American troops was pulled out of the country. More will follow, and eventually the question will be whether or not the South Vietnamese can fight and survive on their own if there is no peace treaty. Whether they can will be partly a matter of loyalty to a government, partly a matter of national pride, partly a matter of plain endurance. On each score, the prospects seem to me doubtful. The old woman at left, for example, is finally getting money to help rebuild in a pacified area. She has waited for months to get it, and in the meantime someone in the government may very well have been lending it at 30% interest. Whatever gratitude she feels is laced with cynicism and sapped by weariness. Many others like her simply no longer care. Perhaps the years of fighting have left them too dazed to believe in anything except the land on which they live.

The only loyalty— to field and family



Tran Van Duoc, 51 (right), says he doesn't care who governs Vietnam

Near Sadec, about 80 miles from Saigon, I met Tran Van Duoc. He and his family farm a half-acre of vegetables, which gives them a relatively good living. They are not isolated—his wife goes daily to market, two of their sons are in the militia. I asked him what he felt about the peace talks. He shook his head. What did he think about the Americans helping his country? "I don't think about it," he said. What did he think about? "My fields, my crops, my family."

Tran Van Duoc is not selfish or dull. It is just that his loyalties are limited to those things that he believes count. Yet the war constantly smashes families and makes less lucky men than Tran into refugees. At a training camp, I saw families and soldiers alike crying when they parted. Who is to care for the man's wife and children? If he is killed, the government will give his widow a year's pay (perhaps \$700) and that is all. I don't suppose a widow in North Vietnam gets much either.

At Pleiku I met a woman who kept a shrine in memory of her husband. She gave me an American cigarette from those carefully arranged under his picture and told me how during the 1968 Tet offensive Vietcong agents came to the house at 3 a.m. and asked to talk to her husband and his brother. They went out; she and her children shivered in terror until dawn. Then neighbors came to the door to say that both men had been bound and murdered. Now she ekes out a living for her family by working for the Americans. When they leave she will be destitute, for she can expect little help from anybody.

Ho Thi Van, 32, mourns for her husband, killed by the V.C.



Weeping, a South Vietnamese conscript and his family say goodbye at a training camp near Saigon





A woman wails over the bundled remains of her husband, discovered in a mass grave near Huế

Morale and mass graves

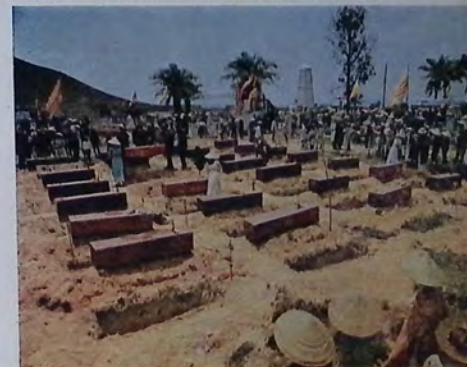
I arrived at Huế in late April, just after they found the first of the mass graves, some 800 people buried under four feet of sand. The killings had happened during Tet—February 1968—when the enemy occupied Huế. Hundreds were rounded up—some officials, some military, some women, some children—and under the cover of darkness were taken into the countryside. Eventually, under the pretext of being moved to a “reeducation center,” they were tied with bamboo strips or communications wire, marched to open graves and shot or clubbed to death. The people of Huế knew only that they had disappeared.

When the graves were discovered and opened more than a year later, after the area had been pacified, the bodies were no more than collections of bones held together by rotting cloth. The bodies were then wrapped in plastic sheets and laid out in rows. The people of Huế came in tears to seek their missing relatives. Jewelry and clothing made identification possible in a few cases; the rest were put in wooden coffins (*right*) and buried again in a mass ceremony. When it was over the people walked back to their homes in stunned silence.

There is a limit to the resiliency of spirit of any people, no matter how strong. The Tet offensive, costly as it may have been to the enemy, demonstrated to many South Vietnamese that there is no place really safe from the V.C. True, large-scale attacks on the cities have now slackened off, in part because of much heavier U.S. and South Vietnamese troop concentrations on the perimeters. But the V.C. keep on making their point in other ways: in the first six months of this year there were 4,674 South Vietnamese civilians kidnaped, 200 more than in the last six months of 1968. Many of these were government officials, police and teachers. The recent drop in the level of ground fighting and surprise attacks has so far had little impact on the villagers. Tet may not have been repeated, but it is remembered. Of course the Vietcong, over on the other side, are known to fear the bombs of the unseen B52s overhead. But it is also true that when darkness falls every local defense militiaman thinks about the V.C.’s seeming ability to go anywhere, and when he thinks about it enough, or is frightened enough, he may be ready to make an accommodation. I asked a friend if he knew of a dedicated and honest village chief. “They are as rare as the autumn leaves,” he said. There is no autumn in Vietnam.



Workers unearth Tet massacre victims from shallow pits



In plain plywood coffins, anonymous dead are reburied



Sewer pipes house refugees near Saigon's Central Market. Below, wealthier South Vietnamese watch floor show at Maxim's



Militiaman Von Dien also has a shop

The despair of the sewer-pipe dweller

He owned a motorscooter shop in Hué, employed 10 people, made good money, got home every night and appeared to be able to spend as much time at his business as he chose. I found him fixing a bike and he told me that after three years in the army he had been transferred to the Revolutionary Development cadre near home where his responsibilities appeared minimal. Such a transfer is not easily secured, but just the same, South Vietnam is full of such arrangements for those with money.

An extraordinary cynicism pervades South Vietnam. Inequality exists in any war, just as it does in peace, but it is never easy to accept great sacrifice cheerfully when you know that your neighbors with money are not required to sacrifice at all. Of course, graft is a way of life in most Oriental countries, but in a South Vietnam at war it seems more conspicuous, and more

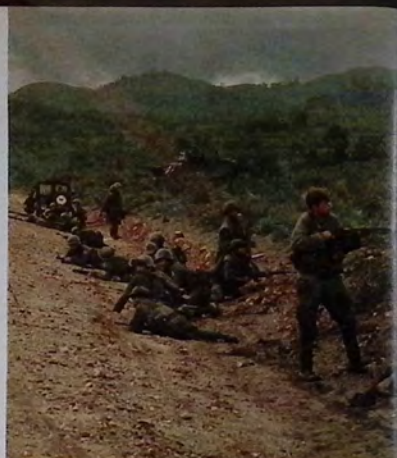
damaging. The disparity between those who have been hurt by the war and those who prosper is easy to see. Families live in concrete sewer pipes in Saigon (left) while 50 buildings, built originally as brothels, stand empty and crumbling in Pleiku. Wives of high South Vietnamese officers own a number of the bars and brothels that cluster around military bases, and have interests in the nightclubs where a Scotch may cost as much as a sewer-pipe dweller could earn in a week (or a South Vietnamese private in a day or two). Less than a mile from the sewer pipes are parking lots filled with rows of shiny motorbikes. They are worth about \$500 each, and although I recognize that they are useful and perhaps even necessary if people are to move to and from work in a modern city, I could not help being struck by the contrast they made with the terrible poverty all around them.



Glittering motorcycles line a parking lot in downtown Saigon



Under attack, Vietnamese huddle as one GI fires and another (foreground) loads



While a mounted gun covers the rear, the two Americans rake



the jungle to their front



South Vietnamese soldiers finally begin to stir into action as an American hurls a grenade

A case of cowardice under fire

Near Dakto one morning the enemy ambushed a group of seven Americans and 25 South Vietnamese troops out clearing a road of mines. Two Americans and a South Vietnamese were killed; the Americans called for help and then saw with amazement that the South Vietnamese were running away under fire. A relief column set out immediately from Dakto and I was in the second vehicle.

Near the ambush point we saw the South Vietnamese troops huddled in a ditch. The trucks stopped. A helicopter dropped an American lieutenant colonel; before it could lift off, its copilot and observer had been hit. It lifted again and I moved onto the road, put my back against a truck and began recording the scene with my camera. An American soldier was firing savagely and a lad without a helmet moved to join him, but the South Vietnamese soldiers remained huddled, an inviting target, not firing. Then the bareheaded soldier stood up to fire a long burst before another American heaved a grenade. By this time a few of the South Vietnamese had entered the fight but most were still not firing. At last, after a third American had been killed, other troops came in to relieve us and we pulled out.

It was only one skirmish, too short and too fast to justify large generalizations about the morale and capabilities of South Vietnamese troops. But in the eyes of the American troops standing silently around the tailgate of the truck which brought the broken, bleeding bodies of their buddies back to Dakto, you could see what *they* felt. At that moment I was ready to agree.



"The Vietnamese waved and smiled as we rode by," writes Burrows, "but there were no smiles on our part. The Americans were taking back their dead"



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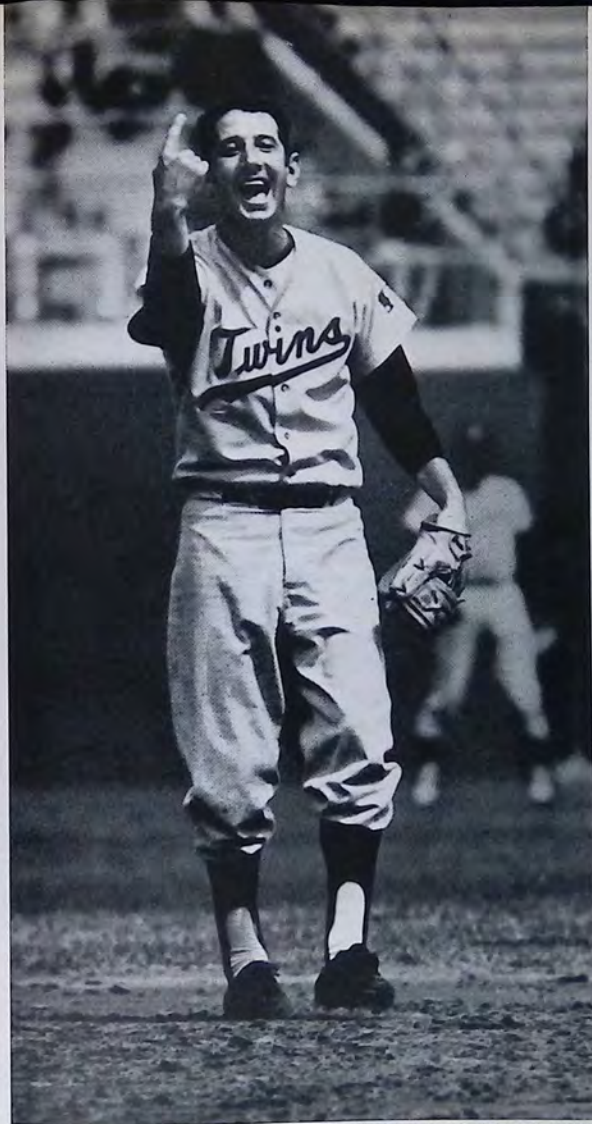
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Manager Billy Martin happily shows his team's standing

A Little Love, and a Few Punches, Make a Team

by MYRON COPE

At the motel where the ball club is staying, one of the beds in my room is temporarily occupied this Thursday morning by Wilmer Dean Chance, an elongated Ohio farmer who has kicked off his shoes and flopped on his back. Farmer Chance, who pitches for the Minnesota Twins, is known for his incurable telephonitis, and now, first thing, he seizes the phone from the nightstand.

"Hello, Bozzie? Bozzie, this is Dean. Listen, get your tail over to Room 200, willya? I got a reporter here that's doing a helluva story on the Twins and wants to talk to you."

Abruptly, Chance puts 12 inches between his ear and the telephone, which is barking angrily from the other end. And well it might. Bozzie is Dave Boswell, a pitcher of considerable notoriety since the night of Aug. 6, when a) he kayoed his teammate Bob Allison outside a Detroit cocktail lounge, and b) was kayoed in turn by Billy Martin, his lean little manager. There exist at least a dozen confused versions of the blow-by-blow detail, but suffice to say that the trouble arose from the fact that Boswell was stewing in Martin's doghouse for running fewer pregame laps than were expected of him. And in any case, the sounds of knuckles thumping against jawbones nicely characterized the made-by-Billy Martin lifestyle of the hard-hitting, hard-running Twins as they took command of the American League's Western Division.

Now, the Twins have checked into Oakland for a September series with the second-place Athletics. If they can win three of the four upcoming games—the Twins will leave the A's for dead. "Wait a minute, Bozzie!" Chance is saying. "I'm telling you this reporter is all right. He ain't gonna ask you anything about the fight. Not one question. Now get over here."

Chance hangs up, satisfied, and says, "I'll tell you what to ask him. Oh, Jesus! I'll give you some great questions. Ask him how his old man used to go to all the sandlot games before Bozzie pitched, with a goddammed shovel and a rake and sacks of dirt, to make the mound perfect. Oh, God! Ask him about the two alligators he kept in his bathtub. Holy cow, I'm giving you great questions. You ask him all these, and then ask him about the fight."

There is a knock at the door. Terrible-tempered Dave Boswell has arrived. I open the door to behold a tall young man whose handsome face is split by a silly grin. He is wearing a droopy-brimmed mountaineer hat, a sleeveless undershirt and pajama-like mod pants. He flops on the other bed.

"Old Buck?" he says, thoughtfully. "Yes, my daddy is my inspiration. He used to train me like a foal. Buck used to ride alongside while I'd run about three miles on the road. It was that bad, I felt like I wanted to punch Buck in the nose. But one day, I got one of my mature feelings and said, 'Hell, they're trying to make something better out of me.'"

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"Well," I remark, "it seems to me I did hear something recently about your not being exactly enthusiastic about running. But we won't go into that, will we?"

"Good."

Chance has another journalistic brainstorm. "Tell him," he pipes to Bozzie. "Jesus, tell him about the two alligators."

"Well, see, I met a guy down in Florida named Foley Hooper and told him, 'I want some alligators. I wanna see if I can get 'em grown up.' So my wife and I kept 'em five months and got 'em grown good. Kept 'em in the bathtub, and when we wanted to take a bath we'd put 'em in aquariums. But I didn't

want them all squinched up in aquariums—I wanted 'em to move around. My wife finally said they had to go. Well, they were gettin' a little rough, and I couldn't file their teeth down 'cause they might take a little skin off where I had to pitch. We don't have any children, so we had got two alligators, three parakeets and I was lookin' at a miner-bird. But the parakeets wouldn't let me sleep, so I gave 'em to another ballplayer, whose sleep didn't worry me. Now all I got is a poodle. I don't like poodles, neither."

The Minnesota Twins are a thoroughly engaging collection of free spirits whom 41-year-old

rookie manager Billy Martin has contrived to infiltrate, literally, taking infield practice among them, bending an elbow alongside them, noisily rebuking them while hardly ever fining them, and all the while being ready to fight them man-to-man, providing he is not preoccupied exchanging harsh words with rival managers, umpires or the Twins' own front office. Martin has transformed a team that dawdled its way down to seventh place last year. "I had to stop the country-club atmosphere," he says. He barred cronies of players from the clubhouse. He went to work on second baseman Rod Carew (who, sulking, had gone AWOL for a time last year) and fashioned him into a demon base thief. Still, Twins will be Twins, and Billy, in addition to sampling them in street fights, has had to sprint into a hotel room at least once to break up a brawl between two roommates. Ron Perranoski, Billy's pudgy-faced bullpen treasure, says smiling brightly: "We do have a few egotistical individuals. I give no names. Just look around you."

"These kids," says Billy, "are like thoroughbreds. They're keyed up. I've played ball, I know what it's about. Listen, I think of a story I read or heard somewhere, about the owner of a ship who said to the ship's captain, 'I don't give a damn how many storms you encounter. Bring in the ship.'"

So now it's a cold Thursday night at Oakland Coliseum, the first game of the big series, and Martin is trying to bring the ship through a gale. His shortstop, Leo Cardenas, who has played remarkably well all year, is going to pieces tonight, booting first one grounder then another. Into the eighth inning, the Twins are behind, 4-1, but they work two runs across, and then burly, slope-shouldered Harmon Killebrew steps to the plate with a man on base. He crashes a 3-and-2 pitch and, as the ball rockets 420 feet into the left-center-field bleachers to give Minnesota a 5-4 lead, Killebrew pauses at home plate to admire the ball's flight, much as a barroom bouncer lingers at the door to satisfy himself that his victim will not get up from the pavement. (The next day Killebrew will smile sheepishly recollecting the scene and say, "Kinda bush, wasn't it?") Young, powerful Rich Reese, batting after Killebrew, can feel the Oakland defense still quivering. He lays down a bunt and beats it out, which is pure Billy Martin baseball.

But in the ninth, Minnesota's fourth error enables Oakland to draw even. In the tenth the Twins load the bases, and center fielder Cesar Tovar, a cheerful Venezuelan who weighs all of 147 pounds with his religious medal around his neck, drills the ball into the left-field bleachers, his first big-league grand slam.

In his clubhouse office, Martin is mildly disturbed in victory. The four errors haunt him. "Well," he at last says, "that ground out there isn't in the best of condition . . . and I am not blasting the groundskeeper!"

The Twins now lead the Athletics by 7½ games, and the beauty of it is that for all practical purposes they can wrap up the divisional title right here on the East Bay, where Billy Martin came off the streets of West Berkeley to make a reputation as a scrappy infielder for

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The outstanding pitcher on the Twins is free spirit Dave Boswell, above, but battling Billy Martin, at left, has had to rely mostly on speed and power hitting—such as the game-winning home run by spidery Cesar Tovar, below.



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On trips to Oakland, Billy always visits his mother in the house where he was born

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the minor-league Oakland Oaks. As befits a dead-end kid who has risen to success, he goes off on Friday morning to visit his old Italian mother. En route, he explains that he is Portuguese on his father's side but that his mother will never admit it. With undisguised bitterness, he relates that his father deserted the family when he, Billy, was 8 months old. He says he had been christened Alfred Manuel Martin, but his maternal grandmother called him Billitz, her colloquialism for cutie, and from that he became Billy. "Italians love to make up nicknames," he explains. "My son, I call him Fidooki. He looks like a fidooki to me, so I call him that. I don't know what a fidooki is, but he looks like one."

In the kitchen of the neat little frame house, one of whose upstairs rooms served as Billy's birthplace, he has coffee with his mother, a tiny, bright-eyed, handsome woman. "I listened to the game last night," she says, "and prayed for you." It was here that as a boy he helped make the wine by tromping grapes barefoot, and climbed the fruit trees in the little backyard. "I can remember being shot at by my own uncle," Billy says. "See, we used to raid our own fruit trees, and one day my uncle came out shooting. Next day he says, 'I almost got those little bastards yesterday.'"

Friday night at the Coliseum, Leo Cardenas inexplicably decides against relaying the ball to first base for a double play that would end the eighth inning, and instead tries to throw out the lead runner at third. His throw is wild, and as a result, the Athletics win, 5-4, and once again are breathing. The newspapermen find Martin sitting on a stool at his locker, his head buried in his hands. Respectfully, they back into a corridor to allow him time. Suddenly the metal door to his cubicle slams. Fifteen minutes pass. The door opens, Martin strides across the corridor into the players' quarters, and bellows, "When you make a physical error, you're human! When you make a mental error, you oughta be kicked in the ass!"

Leo Cardenas may be thinking that Billy certainly knows how to get to the bottom of a problem.

At any rate, it's a tough night all around.

In the motel bar afterward, I am ready to take on a tall stranger who, for no good cause, has said to me, "Tone it down, Shorty." As if from nowhere, a peacemaker appears and with impeccable diplomacy cools the scene. The peacemaker is Dave Boswell.

Hardly anyone believes the Athletics, 6½ games back, can overtake the Twins with little more than three weeks remaining. But managers know history proves otherwise, and Billy wants Saturday afternoon's game. In the fifth, he goes nose-to-nose with Umpire Jerry Neudecker over a strike called on Rich Reese. The umpire, starting from his heels, throws the big heave-ho signal, whereupon Billy kicks red clay dust all over the umpire's trousers. Billy then wheels and is gone, leaving Neudecker speechless, his jaw agape. Reese steps back into the batter's box and says to the umpire, "Now, look, I'm hitting, not Martin. Don't take it out on me."

The game plows into extra innings, tied 5-5. From the ninth inning on, the Twins have Jim Kaat, a bowlegged lefthander, on the mound. Once a lustrous name, Kaat went sour this year and has worked little more than two innings in a month. (With time on his hands, he posted a sign on the clubhouse entrance following the Boswell-Allison-Martin fisticuffs: HOME OF THE TEMPESTUOUS TWINS. WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS BEHIND THIS DOOR!) Now, cheap hits are gnawing away at Kaat.

In the 13th, with the bases loaded and two out, he strikes out the batter. In the 14th, with the bases again loaded and two out, he strikes out the batter. In the 16th, Tony Oliva homers for the Twins, but the Athletics tie the score, 6-6, and again Kaat strikes out a batter with the bases loaded and two out. Finally, in the 18th, Cesar Tovar, the welterweight, rides the ball over the left-center-field fence, and soon after, Jim Kaat is sitting in the clubhouse trying to believe that he has just pitched 9½ innings in short relief. "The game that won the pennant!" crows Dean Chance. "Those poor bastards won't be able to think about anything but all the guys they left on third."

Saturday night the motel bar is merry, although the Twins recognize, of course, that

the pennant must be won in the playoff between the winners of the Western and Eastern Divisions. The Baltimore Orioles are far ahead in the Eastern Division. Dave Boswell, whose parents came from the hills of West Virginia and Maryland and bequeathed him a countrified heritage, grew up in Baltimore. Now, in the bar, Boswell says, "I'd love to pitch in Baltimore. If I won I'd go down to Bud's Crab House, where I know all the boys, and celebrate by eating some crabs. I'm dull, ain't I?"

The very presence of the Minnesota players in the motel bar strikingly violates baseball tradition, for managers historically have reserved the closest bars for themselves—no players allowed. ("Oh, hell," Billy Martin had said, driving to his mother's Friday. "These ball-players are stuck out at a motel near the airport. Why should they have to find cabs and run all over the city of Oakland 'cause they can't drink with the manager? Isn't that asinine?") Now, at the far end of the bar, clad in slacks and a sweater, sits the manager.

A thought occurs to me. A great old Detroit pitcher named Virgil Trucks, who in his declining baseball years roomed with Billy Martin when they played for Kansas City, once told me that Billy was, in his battling heyday with the New York Yankees, a five-star patsy. "The big clique on that club was Mickey Mantle, Hank Bauer, Whitey Ford and Martin," said Trucks. "Whenever there was trouble, they'd just say Martin started it, and he'd let it go at that. Martin got all the blame for the fights and probably didn't start any of them." Finally, the clique made page one by battling customers in the Copacabana, whereupon the Yankees traded Martin, the 260 hitter. For the next six years, he did not speak to Yankee manager Casey Stengel, until then a man he practically worshipped.

All right, there sits Billy at the bar. Why not ask him if he's earned part of his combative reputation being a patsy for his friends?

"Understand," he begins, "that there are friendships between men that are different from anything you'll ever find among women. Women will live for the man they love, but between women and women, you never have what you do between two men." Yes, but was he a patsy? "I go to church every Sunday. I regret nothing."

I drift away, and later, I glance over and find that Billy has company at the bar. Billy Martin and Dave Boswell are having a glass of beer together.

Sunday proves Dean Chance was right. The Twins pound Oakland, 16-4. Dave Boswell picks up his 16th victory, a tidy record in view of a layoff caused by that unmentionable evening following which he was seen to have a hitherto unnoticed scar above his upper lip.

In his office after the game, Billy Martin refuses to tell the press that his Twins have wrapped up the divisional title. Presently a reporter asks him if he expects the league to fine him for having kicked dirt on the umpire the day before.

"I wouldn't know about that," Billy Martin says. "You'll have to ask some of those managers who keep getting into trouble." ■

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He Had a Dream—Part 2

TRAGEDY IN MEMPHIS

The Assassination
of Martin Luther King Jr.

by Coretta Scott King

*"This is what is going to happen to me also," Martin Luther King Jr. told his wife when news of President Kennedy's murder reached them. In this article, the second of two excerpts from her book *My Life With Martin Luther King Jr.* (to be published Sept. 25 by Holt Rinehart and Winston), Mrs. King recounts the fulfillment of her husband's prophecy.*

Despite Martin's commitment to his work, there was nevertheless a sense of fate closing in on him. We did not let the feeling bow us down—we had lived with it much too long for that. Years before, Martin had said to me, "You know, I probably won't live a long life, but if I die I don't want you to grieve for me. You go on and live a normal life."

But death was not something he was morbid about; he just talked about it as he would of any other experience. As the civil rights struggle went on, he saw the danger clearly. His knowledge of history made him realize that most men who had taken a strong moral position had to pay the price for their convictions. He even used the word "crucified" metaphorically, saying sometimes in his speeches, "I may be crucified for my beliefs and, if I am, you can say, 'He died to make men free.'"

When people urged him to be careful, he said, "You know, I cannot worry about my safety; I cannot live in fear. I have to function. If there is any one fear I have conquered, it is the fear of death." He talked about it in his sermons, quoting the phrase, "If a man has not found something worth giving his life for, he is not fit to live."

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With Ralph Abernathy (right) and H. Ralph Jackson, King led a march in support of striking sanitation workers in Memphis a week before he was shot.

Yet he was not gloomy about his own fate. Martin accepted the danger as a matter of course and remained exuberant and full of spirit.

In Memphis, Tenn., the Sanitation Workers Union, most of whose members were black, had gone on strike in early 1968. A small and peaceful demonstration march by the union on Feb. 23 had been brutally broken up by police using clubs and Mace, with squad cars as a sort of cavalry. This action had outraged not only black people in Memphis but many whites as well.

What had been a small strike by an obscure local union became a city-wide protest movement in which SCLC's local affiliate took a leading part. Martin, asked to help, agreed to do so. Though he also felt that he should not dissipate his efforts at that moment, he could not turn down the Memphis request. He felt it was important to give public support to this righteous cause.

The strain of all his responsibilities was growing more intense. At the suggestion of his doctor, he decided to go away for a few days' rest. On March 12, just before he was to leave, he called me on the telephone from his office and asked, "Did you get your flowers?"

I told him that none had come, and Martin explained that when he was downtown shopping for some clothing for himself, he had gone next door to a florist and purchased some flowers for me. The proprietor had promised to deliver them right away. I was touched by this gesture. By the time Martin came home to pick up his bag and leave for the airport, the flowers had arrived. They were beautiful red carnations, but when I touched them, I realized they were artificial. In all the years we had been together, Martin had never sent me artificial flowers. I kissed him and thanked him. I said, "They're beautiful and they're artificial."

"Yes," Martin said. "I wanted to give you something that you could always keep."

They were the last flowers I ever got from Martin. Somehow, in some strange way, he

seemed to have known how long those flowers would have to last.

When Martin arrived in Memphis on March 28, a Thursday, he soon realized that the march was not well disciplined—there was never even a proper line formed. "Black Power" placards were being held by some marchers. Martin, though, felt he had no choice but to get in front of the line and start to march. He had gone no more than a few blocks when he heard the sound of crashing glass. Rocks and bottles were being thrown from the back of the line. It has been generally agreed that the trouble was not started by the marchers but by gangs of young men who, using the parade as a cover, hurled rocks through windows and dodged in and out of the ranks to keep their identity unknown.

It turned into a horrible situation. The police moved in on the marchers. Many people were beaten up and one young man was shot in the back and killed. Martin told me later that he felt that the police, after the violence started, were completely unrestrained.

When the trouble broke out, Ralph Abernathy and some others begged Martin to go back to his motel. They were so afraid that he might become the target for violence that Martin finally consented. He was terribly distressed. This was the first time violence had ever occurred in a march he was personally leading. Although he knew he was not responsible, he felt he would be blamed.

Bernard Lee, a member of Martin's staff, and Ralph Abernathy told me later that Martin held a press conference that night and he was deeply disturbed that it did not go well. However, the next morning another press conference was called, in which Martin was to outline his future plans. At this meeting he was full of fire. He said to the reporters, "Gentlemen, this isn't going to be a regular press conference, it's going to be a press briefing." And he started talking with complete assurance, the words just flowing out of him as they did when he was inspired. Bernard Lee told me that the statement was like a sermon, a message concerning Martin's principles of nonviolence. He was trying to

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June 18, 1953: Wedding day at Coretta's home in Marion, Ala.

From Mrs. King's family album, snapshots of happier times

March, 1961: Martin, Coretta, their friend the Reverend



January 15, 1958: A surprise party for Martin's 29th birthday



December, 1964: Close harmony in Oslo, before Nobel award

Ralph Abernathy enjoy a swim



March, 1959: On a trip to India and Pakistan, Martin boards a camel in Karachi

Summer, 1958: On a brief vacation trip to Mexico, Coretta and Martin take the sun on a balcony of their Acapulco hotel



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Career extremes: Arrested in Alabama, awarded a Nobel Prize in Oslo

King

CONTINUED

help the press understand what had gone wrong in Memphis. He spoke of the frustrations suffered by the black people there and how they could not be blamed. Afterward one of the newsmen came up to Martin and asked, "Dr. King, what has happened to you since last night? Have you talked with someone?"

And Martin said, "No, I haven't talked with anyone. I have only talked with God."

The next day Martin came home to Atlanta from Memphis. I was at home alone, having canceled a dinner engagement when I heard he would be arriving. We ate dinner together, and Martin talked about what had happened in Memphis. He was still sorrowful and disturbed. Afterward, when I thought back on that evening, I was very glad that we had shared it quietly together.

On the morning of Wednesday, April 3, very early, Ralph Abernathy came by the house to pick up Martin. They were returning to Memphis. Neither Ralph nor Martin ate anything. They even refused coffee and juice. I followed Martin to the door, kissed him goodbye and wished him well. The children were still asleep, and they did not see him off. It was an ordinary goodbye, like thousands of others. Martin said he would call that evening.

He had been criticized in Memphis for staying at the Holiday Inn, which was considered too "fancy." The staff felt that it was the safest place for him, since it was away from where the demonstration would be held. However, sensitive to criticism, Martin had this time reserved rooms in the Negro-owned and operated Lorraine Motel on Mulberry Street.

He telephoned me that evening as he had promised. Things were going very well, he said. Bayard Rustin was arranging to bring a lot of people into Memphis from other cities, but Mayor Henry Loeb had obtained a federal injunction against "nonresidents" marching or demonstrating in Memphis. Nevertheless, Martin said he was going to lead the march on Monday, April 8.

Then he asked me if I had listened to the 6 o'clock news, because he was concerned about the Vietnam peace talks. The President had called for and wondered if there had been any new developments. I told him I had not had a chance to watch the news. He answered, "That's all right. I'll catch the 11 o'clock news. I have to go and speak at the mass meeting, but I'll be back in time to watch the news. Don't worry about it." Then Martin said, "I'll call you tomorrow night."

He almost didn't go to the meeting because a violent rainstorm came up and Ralph Abernathy felt that not many people would come. Martin needed rest, and Ralph volunteered to go and speak for him.

However, when Ralph got to Clayborn Temple, he found that about 2,000 people had turned out. They applauded him politely, but he knew they were disappointed. Ralph left the platform and telephoned Martin, urging him to come to address the waiting crowd. Martin put on his raincoat and went down

CONTINUED

Arrow Cordials are for serious, just one, finicky, once in a while, innocent and knowledgeable drinkers.

Arrow Cordials are in fact for everyone. And because they're for everyone we think it's a pity that so much confusion has arisen over the whole subject. Arrow would like to simplify matters.



Purple Orchid
1 oz. Arrow Blackberry Brandy
1 oz. Arrow White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. cream
Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass.

Orange Fizz
1 Jigger Arrow Triple Sec over ice in tall glass. Fill with ginger beer. Add orange slice.

Crêpes Suzette Sauce
6 Jumps sugar
1 orange rind
1/2 cup butter
Juice of one orange
1 tsp. lemon juice
6 tbsp. Arrow Triple Sec
1/2 cup Brandy

Roll jumps of sugar on orange rind. Melt crushed sugar with butter. Add orange, lemon juice, Triple Sec. Boil sauce into crêpes, heat, sprinkle with Brandy and light. Serves 6



Lucifer's Cure All
2 Jiggers Arrow Creme de Menthe
1 Jigger Marley Brandy
Serve in tall glass and fill with hot tea.

Ever since Monks and Alchemists first discovered the secrets of cordials very few people have really understood what they are. There are many Arrow Cordials, but you don't have to buy them all. If you just limit yourself to the four shown on this page you're well on your way to becoming a cordial expert.

Arrow Cordials are taste, fun and variety. And the taste of every one is out of this world. What do you want?...Mint, Chocolate, Ginger, Lime... You name it, Arrow makes it. And we make it to the American taste, not too sweet, not too heavy. Drink them straight, on the rocks, over shaved ice or make hundreds of cocktails and tall summer drinks. Use them in food, or over it. The ways you can use Arrow Cordials are unlimited.

Take for instance Arrow Triple Sec. It's liquor, but it tastes like oranges. It makes an unbelievable variety of drinks. (For a summer party with a difference try the Marwick Punch recipe.) And for food?

Well, since Crêpes Suzette is an American invention it just has to taste better with American Arrow Triple Sec. But you don't have to limit yourself to the conventional when you use an Arrow Cordial. Who says you have to just make cocktails? Take Arrow Creme de Menthe, mix with cream, put a stick in it and freeze. That's the kind of goodie that's strictly not for kids. 60 proof with taste to prove it. For something for the Hot House crowd try Arrow Blackberry Brandy in a Purple Orchid. If you like the taste of cherries and want to take a diet out of the doldrums, put some Arrow Kirsch in your next dish of yoghurt. Try some on your



grapefruit. Even put some in your favorite diet drink. Getting thin never tasted so fat.

Catching a cold or a summer chill? Try Arrow Creme de Menthe in a Lucifer's Cure All. It won't cure your cold, but it will do a job on the miseries that go with it.

Next time you have people for dinner, finish the meal with Nero's Torch and watch your guests catch fire.

That's 4 Arrow Cordials in a nutshell. (We make twenty-eight more. And they are all of the quality you would expect from Heublein.) And as we said at the beginning, they're taste, fun and variety. People have been using and enjoying them for years.

Rumor even has it that, during her short but devastating career, Mata Hari used not only her renditions of Japanese temple dances to extract military secrets from Allied Officers, but also a particularly potent cordial concoction of her own.

If you would like Mata Hari's recipe plus an interesting booklet showing you some more of the fun things you can do with Arrow Cordials, please send a postcard to Arrow Cordials, P.O. Box 2016, Dept. AC, Hartford, Conn. 06101.

Arrow Cordials are just one of the many fine products from Heublein, makers of the world's finest wines, liquors and foods.

Marwick Punch
1/2 pint Arrow Triple Sec
1/2 pint Smirnoff Vodka
6 bottles Lancers Vio Rosé
Pour Triple Sec and Smirnoff over ice block in punch bowl. Add chilled Lancers. Float orange peel garnish. Serves 24.



Mata Hari She knew her cordials better than most

Nero's Torch
Mix 1 Jigger of Arrow Creme de Menthe into a serving of softened ice cream. Freeze hard. When ready to serve, take 1 disc, pre-heated brandy, ignite and pour over ice cream.

Arrow's Cordials
50-60 PF. Heublein, Inc., Allen Park, Mich., 80 & 100 PF. Dist. from grape. Lancers' Rosé Carbonated Grape Wine. Marley Brandy 80 PF. Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn.



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King CONTINUED

rectly to the meeting. Ralph said later, "I knew this was not my crowd. They wanted to hear Martin."

As always, no matter how Martin had felt beforehand, the enthusiasm of the people inspired him. That night, completely spontaneously, he gave one of his greatest speeches. First, he told the people he was heart and soul with them, that their cause was just, and that he and his organization would fight for them. He said that even if the federal injunction was not lifted, he would lead the march on Monday. He had the audience roaring with excitement.

Then the mantle of prophecy seemed to descend upon him. He told the people that his plane from Atlanta had been delayed that morning because "Dr. Martin Luther King is aboard," and there had been a search for a possible bomb. He told of how, when he got to Memphis, there were threats and rumors of an attack on him.

Then Martin added, "I don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days

ahead. But it really doesn't matter to me now. Because I've been to the mountaintop. . . . And I've looked over, and I've seen the Promised Land. . . . Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. . . ."

So intense was the audience's emotional response to Martin's words, so high was his own exaltation responding to their excitement, the action and reaction of one to the other, that he was overcome; he broke off there. I believe that he intended to finish the quotation—"His truth is marching on." But he could not.

The next day, Thursday, April 4, Martin seemed almost happy, despite his worry about the march. His brother A.D. told me that it was the same way it had been when they were young. That afternoon they kidded each other and wrestled together boisterously, like boys. At one point Martin decided they should telephone their mother. That was a little strange because he almost never called her when he was on a trip. They had a long, lively con-

versation with Mamma King, in which A.D. and Martin fooled her for a while, disguising their voices, each pretending to be the other. She was so happy because she seldom talked to both her sons at the same time.

Martin spent the afternoon at the Lorraine Motel and soon it was time to get ready to go out to dinner. After Martin was dressed, he went out on the little balcony facing the street and a decaying rooming house 200 feet away. Ben Branch, who was to play at the meeting later that night, was standing below the balcony. Martin called down to him, "Be sure to sing *Precious Lord, Take My Hand* for me tonight, Ben. Sing it real pretty."

Laughing, Branch said he would.

Solomon Jones, who was to drive the car that evening, called out, "It's getting chilly, Dr. King. Better take an overcoat."

Martin said, "O.K., I will."

It was almost time to go. Ralph Abernathy rushed into his room to put on some shaving lotion.

At that moment came the shot. They told me it sounded like a firecracker. . . .

It was Jesse Jackson who called me in Atlanta to say, "Coretta, Doc just got shot."

It hit me hard—not surprise, but shock—that the call I seemed subconsciously to have been waiting for all my life had come. I asked for details and Jesse, trying to spare me, said, "He was shot in the shoulder."

I sensed that it was quite serious, and I wanted to ask how seriously hurt Martin was, but I was afraid. I said, "I'll check the next flight."

I turned on the television. They were talking about Martin, reporting what I already knew. By that time the children had come into the room and, although I tried to turn the TV down, they had already heard enough to know that something had happened to their father.

They asked, "What is it?"

Yoki, 12 years old, said, "Don't tell me!" and ran crying from the room.

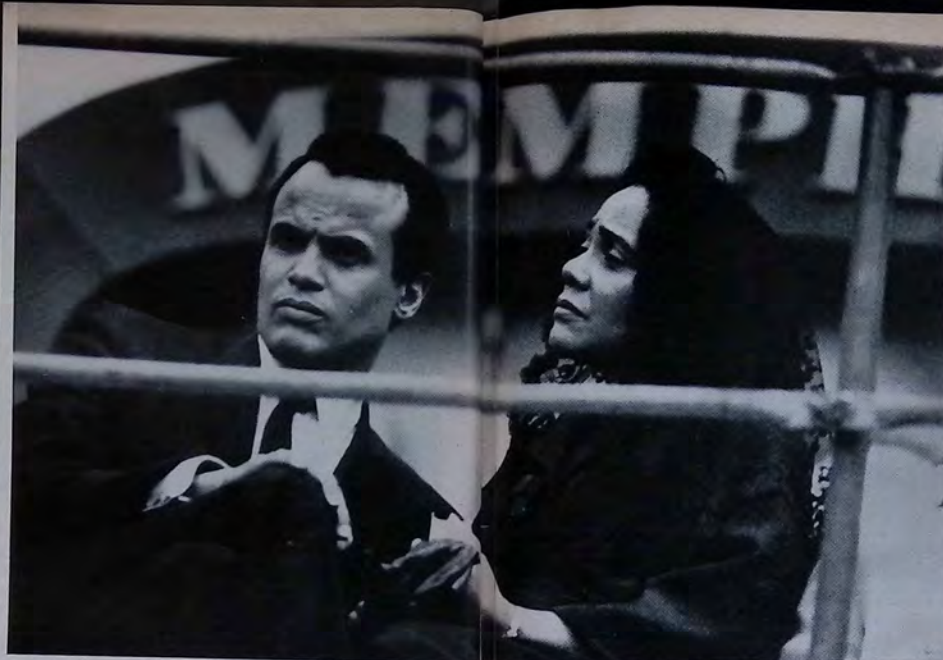
But she soon came back. I said to her, "I'm getting ready to go to Memphis because your daddy has been shot." All the children were in the room, and Yoki started to help me pack. It was the first time that she

CONTINUED



As King lies mortally wounded on a balcony of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, friends with whom he had been chatting only a few seconds earlier show police where the assassin's bullet came from.

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After leading a civil rights march, a mour'n'g Mrs. King, accompanied

by Harry Belafonte, attends the ceremonies at Memphis city hall

King CONTINUED

had ever offered to do this.

At the Atlanta airport I heard my name echoing over the public address system. I had a strange, cold feeling, for I knew it was word from Memphis and that the word was bad. By this time, we had reached the gate to board the plane. I asked Mayor Ivan Allen, who with his wife had accompanied me to the airport, to have someone check the page for me.

A few minutes later I saw my husband's devoted secretary, Dora McDonald, walking toward me very fast, and I noticed the expression on her face. She said, "Come on, Mrs. King. We need a room where we can sit down."

I knew Martin was dead. Mayor Allen went to try to get definite confirmation. Soon he came back, looking grave and white. Very formally he said, "Mrs. King, I have been asked to tell you that Dr. King is dead."

We all stood there stunned and weeping. Mayor Allen took my hand and said, "Mrs. King,

what do you want to do? Do you want to go on to Memphis, or do you want to go back home?"

I said, "I should go back home and see about the children. And then decide about going to Memphis."

I began to think of what I was going to tell my children. I was afraid that by this time they must have heard—without me beside them. But when I got home, Dexter, 8, and Bunny, 5, had been put to bed, and Bunny was asleep. Yoki was sitting calmly in the foyer talking on the telephone. Marty, 10, was still up, but Yoki followed me to my bedroom, and she said to me, "Mommy, I'm not going to cry! I'm just not going to cry, because my daddy's not really dead. He may be physically dead, but his spirit will never die, and I'm going to see him again in heaven."

All this time she was insisting that she was not going to cry, tears were running down her soft cheeks. Then she said, "Mommy, should I hate the man who killed my daddy?"

I said, "No, darling, your dad-

dy wouldn't want you to do that."

Yoki had stopped crying even before she finished talking. I put my arms around her and said, "But you have been so wonderful and so brave yourself. I'm proud of you, and your daddy would have been so proud of you, too."

Marty and Dexter were waiting for me in their room. Marty seemed a little confused; he wanted to talk, but he didn't know what to say. Dexter said, "Mommy, when is Daddy coming home?"

My heart was breaking but, keeping calm, I said, "Dexter, do you know your daddy was shot?"

He said, "Yes."

I went on, "He was hurt very badly. You go to sleep. I'll tell you about it in the morning."

He said, "All right," and he seemed to go calmly to sleep.

That was only the beginning of a nightmare night. Though people were wonderful to me, nothing could really help during those terrible hours. President

Johnson called and said, "I want you to know how deeply Mrs. Johnson and I feel for you and your family."

Senator Robert Kennedy also called to express his distress and sympathy. "I'll help in any way I can," he said.

I told him, "I'm planning to go to Memphis in the morning to bring back Martin's body," and he said, "Let me fly you there. I'll get a plane down there. I'll be glad to do that."

Then, knowing the large number of telephone calls that would be coming into the house, Senator Kennedy had three more telephones installed in my house that same night.

Harry Belafonte called next, and said, "Coretta, I want to come down tomorrow to be with you and the children." Harry did come down on Friday and was there when I got back from Memphis. He was a tremendous help throughout this period.

During those days of sorrow, many well-known people came to Atlanta to pay their respects and offer their sympathy or to attend the funeral. Among them

CONTINUED

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At the King home in Atlanta, Ethel Kennedy expresses her sympathy

King

were Robert, Ethel and Jacqueline Kennedy, and Richard Nixon. Mrs. Eugene McCarthy came and offered her services in the house. Others made the trip to Atlanta just to come to the house and say, "I don't want to disturb Mrs. King. I just came to let her know that I was thinking about her."

Perhaps the most touching incident of this sort was the arrival of Bill Cosby and Robert Culp, the television stars. They did not even ask to see me, but spent most of the afternoon at the house playing with my boys, because they felt that this was the best contribution they could make.

In addition, thousands came whom I did not know and who had never met my husband. Their presence was deeply meaningful to me.

On Friday morning, I flew to Memphis in the plane Senator Kennedy had provided. I waited inside while Martin's body was brought onto the plane and then traveled home with him to Atlanta.

The march in Memphis was still scheduled to be held the following Monday, as Martin had planned it and as he would have

wished. Saturday morning Harry Belafonte said to me, "Coretta, I want to talk to you about something that has been on my mind. You don't have to agree, but please think about it. I think you should go to Memphis and march on Monday, if it isn't too much for you. It would mean a great deal to people throughout the nation, for you just to be there."

Immediately I replied, "I agree. I think Martin would have wanted me to go. I had not thought about it before, but now that you raise the question, I would really like to go. I may even take the children."

So on Monday I flew to Memphis with Harry and my three oldest children in a plane Harry provided. There was no difficulty in Memphis. In the shock and sorrow of Martin's death, the federal injunction against the march was either forgotten or rescinded; there was hardly a person in America who would have dared or even wanted to enforce it. We were rushed from the airport to the head of the line, and we marched about a mile to city hall, Ralph Abernathy and the children walking beside me. There were 25,000, perhaps 50,000, people

CONTINUED

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Saginaw
Dixie Cash & Carry Lbr., Inc.
5565 Dixie Hwy.
Furstenberg Braun Lbr. Co.
1764 S. Jefferson
St. Clair
Schlinkert Fuel & Builders
1213 S. Rivers-de Dr.
St. Clair Shores
Sibbey Lumber Cnrs., Inc.
23212 Harper Ave.
Sandusky
Moore & Carter Lumber Co.
201 N. Elix
Scottville
Lidke's Lumber
Southfield
Northwest Lumber Co.
28720 Northwestern Hwy.
Tecumseh
R. S. Moore & Sons
Traverse City
Red Mill Lumber Co.
115 N. Hall St.
Trenton
H. A. Mann & Sons, Inc.
3300 W. Jefferson
Vassar
Weber Lumber & Millwork Co.
Walled Lake
Haggerty Lumber & Supply
2055 Haggerty Rd.
Warren
Ulrich Lumber & Builder's Sup.
6470 E. 9 Mile Rd.
West Branch
Eliamberger Lumber Co.
125 N. 5th St.

King CONTINUED

marching, some of whom had come to Memphis from all parts of the country. Dense crowds of people along the route stood silent in tribute to Martin's memory. My children, too, seemed to sense the sympathy and compassion those people felt for us.

The three children sat on the platform with me at city hall. There were several speeches, whose theme was the many things Martin Luther King Jr. had accomplished, his greatness and his simplicity. I know that Yoki and Marty and even little Dexter were comforted to hear these good things said about their father.

When it was my turn to speak, Harry Belafonte introduced me. I talked about Martin's qualities as a leader and as a husband and father. I talked about his

work, his great hope for social and economic justice for all. I explained Martin's concept of redemptive suffering and pointed out that he had been prepared to give his life to the cause in which he believed.

But I also asked: "How many men must die before we can really have a free and true and peaceful society? How long will it take? If we can catch the spirit and the true meaning of this experience, I believe that this nation can be transformed into a society of love, of justice, peace, and brotherhood where all men can really be brothers."

And, speaking of the Movement that had always been my husband's greatest concern, I said: "We must carry on, because this is the way he would have wanted it to have been. . . . We are going to continue his work, to make all people truly free. . . ." ◀

On her return to Atlanta with Dr. King's body, Mrs. King is met at the plane by their children: (from left) Bunny, Dexter, Yoki and Marty.

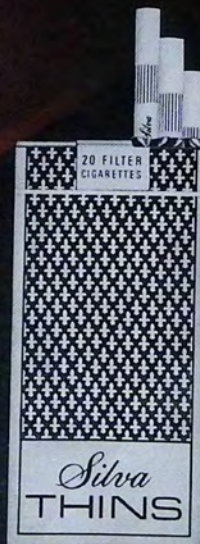


Latest U.S. Government figures
show Silva Thins lowest in tar and nicotine
of all 100's. Lower than most Kings.
Yet better taste.



A black and white advertisement for Silva Thin cigarettes. On the left, a man in profile is shown smoking a cigarette, with a woman's face faintly visible in the background. On the right is a pack of Silva Thin cigarettes, labeled '20 FILTER CIGARETTES' and 'Silva THINS'. The pack has a distinctive checkered pattern.

Silva Thin
the one that's in



Patterns in model of Amiens Cathedral show effects of 60-mph wind. Lines are more frequent at greater stress points.

Cathedral in Plastic Gothic

Engineers have always marveled at the beauty of Europe's Gothic cathedrals—but never agreed on whether those lofty spires and arches were structural necessities or just decorations. To find out, engineers at Princeton University built small plastic models of the Amiens Cathedral in northern France and subjected them to stresses of weight and wind. When the plastic is viewed through special filters, the stress patterns show up as psychedelic swirls.

They indicate how much stress a particular arch or column was taking and whether it was compression, the squeezing force of weight, or tension, one part pulling away from another. The model tells why the Amiens Cathedral has stood since 1280: nearly all its major stresses are compression. Many other early Gothic structures, built with too much tension and too little compression, simply pulled themselves apart and fell down centuries ago.

Ancient design in a man-made gale

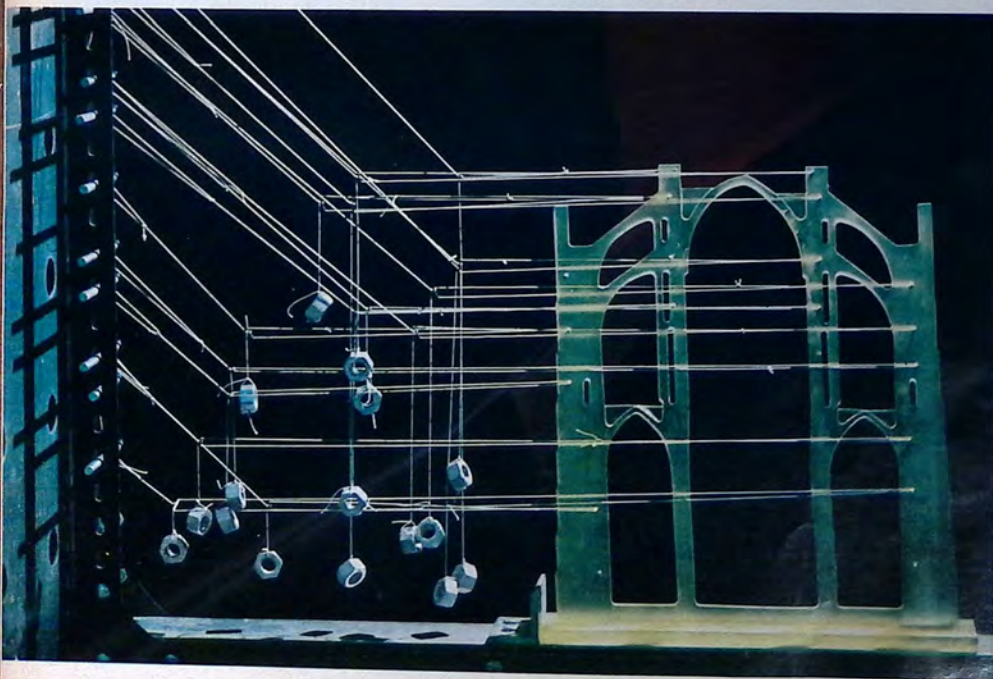
The plastic model of Amiens represents a crosswise slice from the middle of the 150-foot-wide cathedral. Working from precise measurements, engineers cut out the 15-inch-high replica and hung it with steel weights, duplicating structural stress as it occurs in the cathedral. Researchers also tested the cathedral's behavior in the wind, using much lighter weights and strings to simulate the wind's horizontal pressure.

The tests show that the lovely spires add necessary weight to the columns and piers and help stabilize the cathedral. They also confirm the ancient judgment of the Gothic builders, who believed that struts leading out and down from the cathedral's roof were not only pleasing to the eye but helped the lofty structure withstand windstorms.



As designers of the Amiens Cathedral correctly envisioned 700 years ago, stone struts (above), called flying but-

tresses, help stabilize 140-foot-high roof in wind. Below, model is rigged to simulate a 60-mph gale from right.



Is it fair to compare Black Velvet with America's largest-selling whiskies?

We're willing to put our money on your nose.

So do this. Sniff. Black Velvet versus a sniff of any of America's big name whiskies.

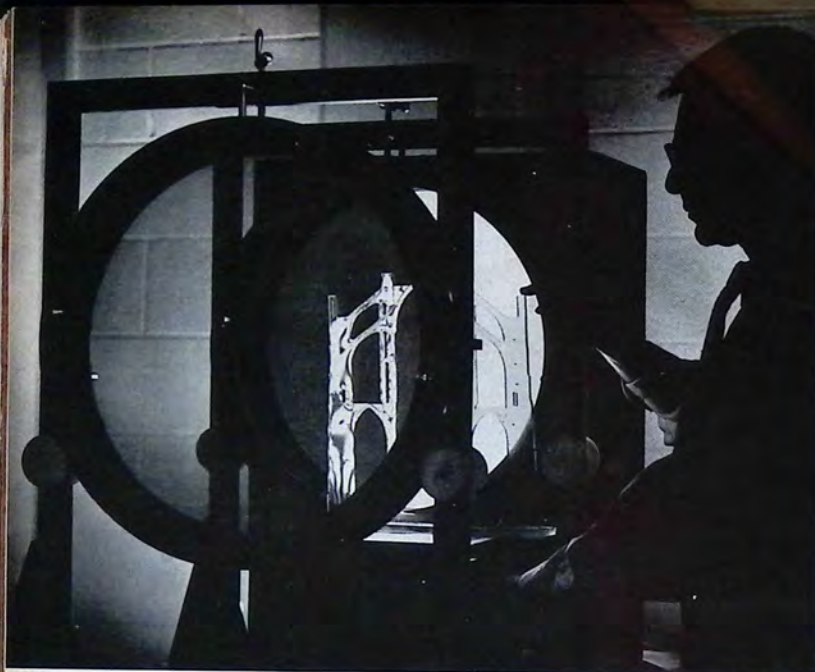
Our blend of expensive Canadian whiskies tastes so light and smooth you can actually smell the difference.

Our idea is simple. Make a whiskey good enough to give American whiskey drinkers a place to go. Will they make the move, when Black Velvet costs a little more?

America,
lend us your nose.



The Black Velvet® Drum. A little extra we dreamed-up.



CATHEDRAL CONTINUED

After the plastic model has been baked and allowed to cool, Professor Robert Mark places it between two large polarizing filters, which make the stress patterns visible. Although industry has used plastic models to detect weaknesses in machinery for several years, Mark is one of the first researchers to apply the method to ancient architecture.

Ten years from now, you may look back on this Admiral portable as the finest bargain you ever looked at.



The Viceroy, 19" (diag.) Admiral portable, available with matching decorator rollabout cart—at no extra charge.

What's great about this handsome Admiral portable is what you can see—and what you can't.

For example, you can see more of what's going on. That's because this 19" (diag.) Admiral portable features a more rectangular tube. It lets you see what's going on in the corners.

But what you can't see is the long-run dependability. It's built right into the new Admiral Nova II chassis—a combination of reliable solid-state components and tubes with stepped-up voltage for a finer picture, longer life.

There's more, too. Admiral Instant Play, sleek cabinetry, plus a decorator stand packed right in the carton.

This Admiral portable is a beautiful bargain the day you buy it, every day you own it. You'll see... perhaps even ten years from now.

Admiral warrants receiver, to original owner, to be free from defects for 90 days after date of sale. Picture tube no warranty for one year. Obligation limited to supplying replacement parts except no labor charge made if receiver brought to authorized Admiral Service Station within 90 days after sale. For name and address of nearest Authorized Admiral Service Station, phone Western Union operator 21.

Admiral

Mark of Quality

Separate tires for the front of the car. Separate tires for the rear of the car. How they work together.

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You see, your car's front and rear wheels each have their own individual functions. The front wheels steer the car and the rear wheels push it.

And since The Uniroyal Masters are designed specifically for these functions, they can do their respective jobs that much more efficiently. Which makes the grand total that much more efficient.

Take our front tire. It has nine tread rows as opposed to the five tread rows that most of the tires on the road today have. So you always have an enormous amount of biting edges in contact with the road, which obviously leads to better steering control.

And because the groove between the last two tread rows on either side of the tire is straight, cornering is just about as smooth as it can be.

As for the rear tire, well, it's wider than the front one. So right off the bat, you

have the benefit of more rubber on the road.

Plus, the combination of the regular tread pattern and the deep-lug tread pattern gives you superb traction on any kind of surface: smooth, dirt, mud, even snow.

By the way, the biting edges on the tread of both tires—front and rear (except for the deep-lug section)—are at ninety-degree angles from side to side. Which results in excellent road bite when you hit the brakes. Even on wet roads.

Also, both tires have steel-reinforced tread—and a belt underneath the tread—for hazard protection. As well as extra mileage.

If you'd like to find out more about The Uniroyal Masters, take a ride to your nearest Uniroyal dealer.

You can find out who and where he is simply by calling 800-553-9550 free. (In Iowa, dial 319-242-1867 collect.)

Just make sure you're not too pressed for time when you come down.

There's quite a bit to talk about.



A tire for the front



A tire for the rear



The Uniroyal Masters

From the people who brought you The Rain Tire® & Tiger Paw®

Vanishing Wildlife | Civilization is crowding out
an island habitat

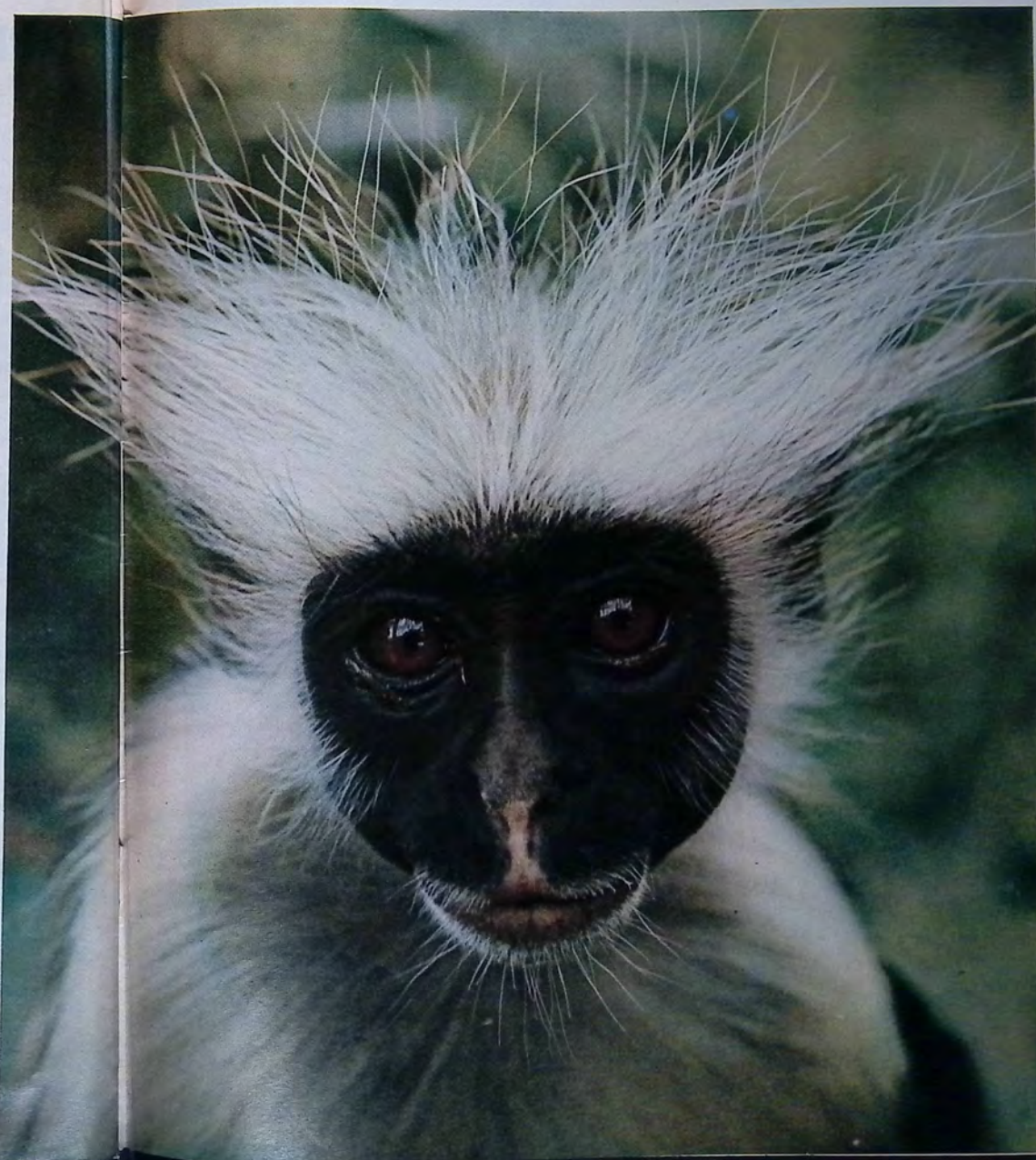
The furry faces shown here belong to the Red Colobus monkeys which live high in the forests of Zanzibar. Descended from the same ancestor as the more common mainland varieties, these reddish-backed monkeys evolved for centuries on this small African island until today they are a distinct subspecies. Their long torsos and thin arms and legs make them adept at swooping through the trees in search of leaves and vines—the only things they will eat.

In captivity they almost always starve rather than eat strange food—and thus far have refused to breed there. Because of this, most U.S. zoos agreed in 1967 not to import the Zanzibar reds, which then numbered fewer than 700. Now there is a new threat. Their habitat is quickly being taken over by that notoriously prodigious breeder—man. His new homes and commerce may soon leave the island's wispy Colobus with no place to go but extinction.

The pair of males at right and below are doing what Red Colobus monkeys love best—eating. They have oversized digestive tracts which enable them to consume great quantities of vegetation. They travel in troops of 15 or so, often generously share meals with one another.



The rare red monkey of Zanzibar



Slung lazily in a tree, a Red Colobus monkey rests between bites of leaves. Unlike most primates, the

Reds have no thumbs on their hands—only four fingers—but have a thumblike toe on each foot.



We can prove it's worth the extra money.

Old Taylor is not the only premium-priced Bourbon in America. But it does happen to be the *top-selling* premium-priced Bourbon in America.

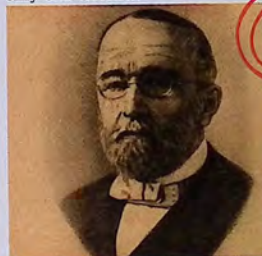
There are about six different reasons for that. Before you pay an extra sou for Old Taylor, you should know what they are.

OLD TAYLOR

86 PROOF

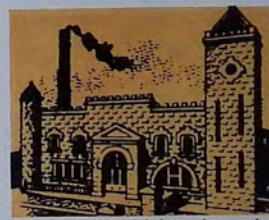
OLD TAYLOR

1. Old Taylor was created by an authentic genius. Col. Edmund H. Taylor, Jr. was easily the foremost Bourbon distiller in the late 1800's. Old Taylor is his crowning achievement. There's only one Old Taylor, simply because there was only one Colonel.



2. People (droves of them!) tried to copy Old Taylor. Finally, in 1909, an angry Col. Taylor changed the color of his label to a distinctive yellow, and printed a warning to would-be imitators where they couldn't miss it. *That* took care of that!

THIS YELLOW LABEL IS IN EXCLUSIVE AND CONCLUSIVE USE



3. If you think you're paying a kingly price because we distill in a castle, you're mistaken. We make Old Taylor here *not* because it's a castle, but because it's near the delicious limestone spring the Colonel discovered in 1887. We still draw our water from it. And nobody else gets close to it!

4. Old Taylor is a signed original. Another step the Colonel took to foil those would-be imitators. (He also went to Congress and got them to pass the Bottled-in-Bond Act—but that's another story.)

OF
TOPMOST
CLASS

5. The three words above are not a swinging slogan. But Col. Taylor put them there, and we haven't changed them any more than we've changed his Bourbon.

We still use the same costly small grains, still tend our mash as lovingly, still do everything just as he did it. Who are we to contradict a genius?

6. Taste it.



Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY.



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Black & White America, a comprehensive, hard-hitting teaching kit on U.S. race conflict, is now being made available to all teachers by the TIME Education Program. The price is \$3.00, including postage.

Now in its second printing, *Black & White America* consists of 7 vividly illustrated booklets, dealing with such subjects as race & ability, self-evaluation of racial attitudes, the nature of prejudice, dimensions of black poverty, and an examination of the

contributions whites can make to racial justice.

The booklets make their points through a variety of imaginative techniques, including a "Soul Folks Chitlins Test," (an intelligence test with a ghetto rather than a middle class bias); reprinted advertisements from Negro oriented magazines; and a portrait in statistical graphs of the black community.

To order your copies of "Black & White America," send the coupon below and your remittance to:



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Women's rights won, June Fletcher (above right)—18, from Elberon, N.J.—wears with ironic satisfaction a button distributed by unhappy alumni. With the male-female ratio 20-1, the girls make friends fast. Above, Beth Rom, 17, of Long Beach, N.Y. raps with an admirer.

They were conspicuously not your usual bunch of freshmen, and for Old Princetonians the joke was cruel: nothing was going to bring back Old Nassau now. To establish "a system which permits women to work and learn with men outside of the classroom as well as in it," Princeton flung open its doors to women last week, after 233 years of celibacy, and 101 female frosh arrived on the College Gothic campus. They found they liked it. "All this is really wild," said Elaine Chan of New York. "I mean, there are boys everywhere. We were sitting in our room and then a very male leg suddenly swung through the window." The one remaining question was what to do about the Anthem, which is sung by alumni with heads bared and eyes moist. It goes: "In praise of Old Nassau, my boys..."



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Lady into Tiger



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'Going back, going back'



Freshmen John Sease, 17, and Beverly Cayford, 16, who came all the way from Vancouver, make use of a sofa that is en route from one residence hall to another.



All 101 of the female freshmen (and some 70 males besides) will live in Pyne Hall. Two newcomers, blond Marcia Boraas, 17, and Elaine Chan, 18, dry their hair outside (left). Above, Sylvia Morris, 18, from Cleveland, emerges from Pyne Hall on foot, while Kathleen Molony, 20, who is from Highland Park, N.J., prepares to board the bike she brought from home (below).



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And the hamburgers taste good.





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